

L F 7899
Univ Col

J. L. T. Talley

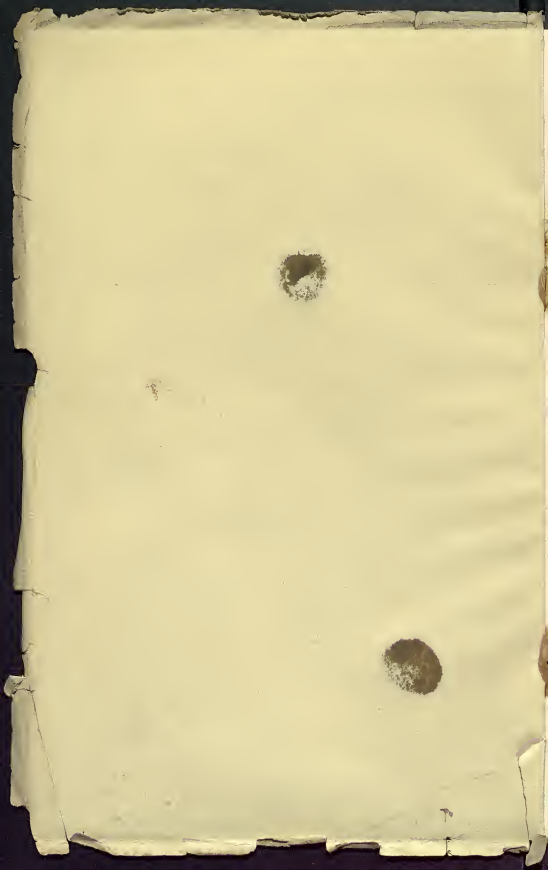
The HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

No. 33.



WINTER TERM . . 1911.



Vol. XII.

No. 33.
December, 1911.

The . . .

Hartley University
College
.. Magazine ..



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Editor—MR. W. S. MACKIE, M.A.

Sub-Editor—MR. F. T. TOOGOOD.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—MR. H. WATT.

Committee—MR. C. S. AGATE, B.Sc., MR. L. R. GLEED,

MR. L. BRAYBROOK, MR. L. D. BADMAN,

MISS A. BOTTOMLEY, MISS W. DAWSON, and MISS L. LOVELL.

All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the Editor of the Magazine
Hartley University College, Southampton.

All communications regarding Advertisements or Subscriptions should be addressed to the
Secretary of the Magazine, Hartley University College Southampton.

CLOUGH'S CORRESPONDENCE **COLLEGE,**

**TEMPLE CHAMBERS,
—LONDON, E.C.—**

Prel. Cert.,	DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS OVER	A.C.P.,
Certificate,	2,800	L.L.B.,
Oxford Senior Local,	HONOURS and DISTINCTIONS	Higher Froebel,
Cambridge Senior Local,	have been gained by CLOUGH'S STUDENTS	Matriculation
	a Marvellous Record which speaks for itself.	

For Prospectus and full particulars of any of CLOUGH'S
CLASSES write at once to—

THE SECRETARY,

**Clough's Correspondence College,
TEMPLE CHAMBERS, LONDON, E.C.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES	1
HONOURS LIST	3
ADVERTISEMENTS	5
THE ELECTRIFICATION OF TASMANIA	6
SAYINGS APROPOS	12
THE RECEPTION OF THE JUNIORS	16
HOME TO THE NORTH	21
ON DIT	23
1912 A.D.	27
THE SONG OF THE SWOT	30
HARTLEY BISCUITS	31
THREE MEN IN A TENT.. .. .	34
OWED TO PAWTSMIFF	38
SCHOOL BOY HUMOUR	39
UNTHINKABLES	41
THOUGHTS AT SUNRISE	43
A CAMP AT ABOUKIR	43
ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS	46
AN UNAPPRECIATED SUPERMAN	47
A WINTER'S MORN	53
STRIKE AT HARTLEY COLLEGE	54
A LYRIC	56
DIG DICTA	57
POST BAG	58
REPORTS AND SOCIETIES' NOTES:—	
GYMNASIUM	64
SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY	65
CHRISTIAN UNION	66
LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY	68
CHORAL SOCIETY	69
MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB	70
HOSTEL NOTES	71
CHESS NOTES	72
HARRIERS.. .. .	72
SOCCER NOTES	74
RUGBY NOTES	80
HOCKEY	81

FOR REFRESHMENTS!



Baker, Pastrycook & Confectioner
ETC.

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Milk,
Sponge, Madeira, Genoa and Lunch Cakes.
Fancies for Afternoon Teas.
HOVIS BREAD (Certificate of Merit).

All Cakes and Pastry made on the
Premises, and of the Best Materials.

PORK PIES - A Speciality.

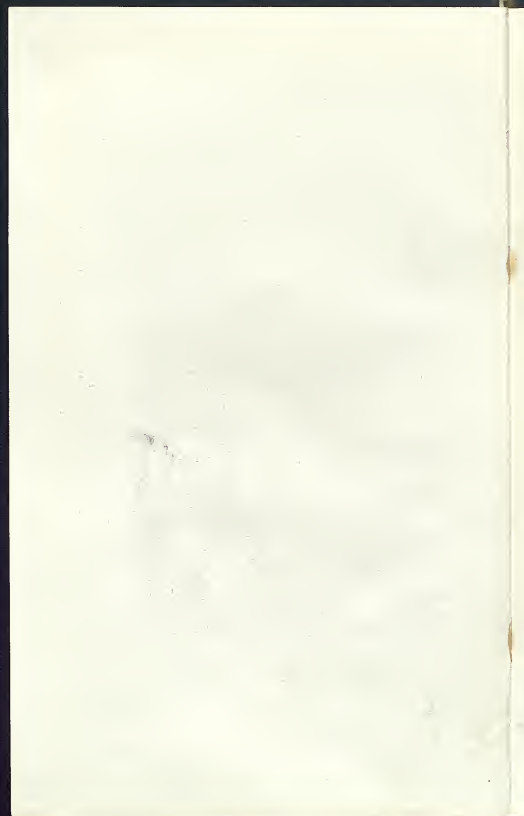
~~~~~  
WEDDING CAKES MADE TO ORDER  
AND IN STOCK.

Bartley \*  
University \*  
College \*

\* Rugby,  
Football XV.  
1911-1912.



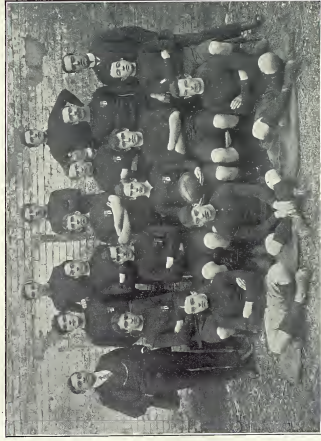
|                                                      |               |                                                    |                 |                  |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------|----------------------------------------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| G. Dudley, Esq., B.A.,<br>( <i>Vice-President</i> ). | E. R. Lovell. | T. Williams, ( <i>Vice-Capt.</i> )                 | J. McGuire.     | R. Davison.      |
| P. W. Ireland,<br>( <i>Secretary</i> ).              | H. Ianson.    | F. Phillips, Esq., B.Sc.,<br>( <i>President</i> ). | G. Powell.      | R. C. Williamson |
| R. G. Tulley.                                        | R. R. Finney. | G. S. Crook,<br>( <i>Captain</i> ).                | W. J. Sanders.  | F. C. Harding.   |
|                                                      | E. A. Porter. | G. Morgans.                                        | H. W. Ashworth. |                  |



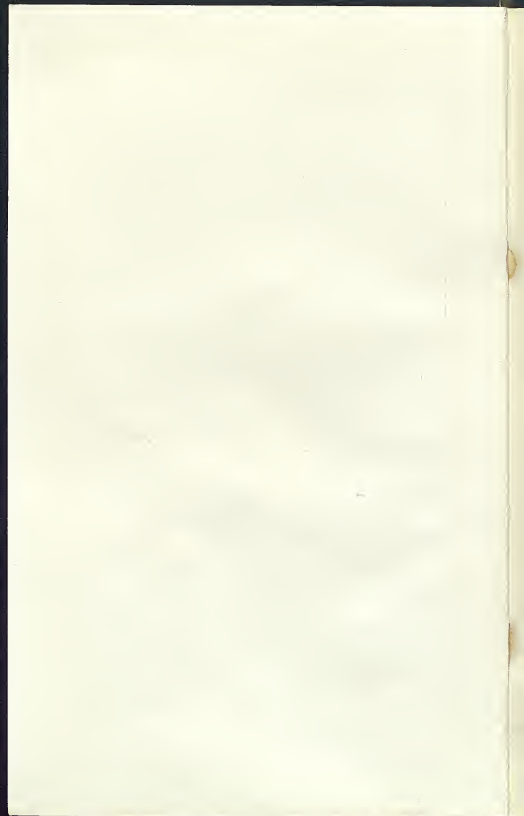


# Barley University College

## \* Rugby, Football XV. 1911-1912.



|                                             |                                |               |               |                                          |                 |                  |             |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------------------------------|-----------------|------------------|-------------|
| G. Dudley, Esq., B.A.,<br>(Vice-President). | P. W. Ireland,<br>(Secretary). | R. G. Tulley. | E. R. Lovell. | T. Williams, (Vice-Capt.)                | J. McGuire.     | R. C. Williamson | R. Davison. |
|                                             |                                |               | H. Ineson.    | F. Phillips, Esq., B.Sc.,<br>(President) | G. Powell.      |                  |             |
|                                             |                                |               | R. R. Finney. | G. S. Crook,<br>(Captain).               | W. J. Sanders.  | F. C. Harding.   |             |
|                                             |                                |               | E. A. Porter. | G. Morgans.                              | H. W. Ashworth. |                  |             |



FOR ————— TELEPHONE 51x.

# Superior Printing!

ARTISTIC, PLAIN, AND COMMERCIAL.

**F. W. ADAMS,**  
*Printer, Bookbinder, Die Stamper, Manufacturing  
Stationer, &c.*

✻✻  
PRINTER OF  
THE H.U.C.  
MAGAZINE  
AND  
HANDBOOK.



✻✻  
FIXTURE CARDS,  
PROGRAMMES,  
MENUS,  
INVITATION AND  
NAME CARDS, &c.

✻✻

**Speciality—H.U.C. Note Paper,**  
Stamped with College Crest.  
Ditto Envelopes to match. Correspondence Cards, &c.  
Can be obtained ONLY of F. W. ADAMS, Stationer, &c.,  
**10, BERNARD ST., SOUTHAMPTON.**

# UNIVERSITY TEXT-BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY, MATHEMATICS & SCIENCE.

## PHILOSOPHY.

**Ethics, A Manual of.** By J. S. MACKENZIE, Litt.D., M.A. *Fourth Edition. Enlarged.* 6s. 6d.

"In writing this book Mr. Mackenzie has produced an earnest and striking contribution to the ethical literature of the time."—*Mind*.

**Logic, A Manual of.** By J. WELTON, M.A., Professor of Education in the University of Leeds. 2 vols. Vol. I. Deductive. *Second Edition.* 8s. 6d. Vol. II. Inductive and Fallacies. 6s. 6d.

"A clear and compendious summary of the views of various thinkers on important and doubtful points"—*Journal of Education*.

**Logic, Intermediate.** By Professor JAMES WELTON, M.A., and A. J. MONAHAN, M.A. With Questions and Exercises. 7s. 6d.

"Clearly stated, as a treatise dealing with the laws of thought ought to be, this book may be commended as a practical and workmanlike guide to its subject."—*Scotsman*.

**Psychology, The Groundwork of.** By G. F. STOUT, M.A., LL.D. 4s. 6d.

"All students of philosophy, both beginners and those who would describe themselves as 'advanced,' will do well to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' this book."—*Oxford Magazine*.

**Psychology, A Manual of.** By G. F. STOUT, M.A., LL.D. *Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.* 8s. 6d.

"There is a refreshing absence of sketchiness about the book, and a clear desire manifested to help the student in the subject."—*Saturday Review*.

## MATHEMATICS.

**The Tutorial Algebra.** By WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.A.S., and G. H. BRYAN, Sc.D., F.R.S. *Third Edition.* 6s. 6d.

"All the Theorems usually associated with advanced Algebra are here given with proofs of remarkable force and clearness."—*Schoolmaster*

**Coordinate Geometry.** Containing an elementary treatment of the Straight Line, Circle, and Conic. By J. H. GRACE, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and F. ROSENBERG, M.A., B.Sc. 4s. 6d.

"This volume offers some attractive features. We advise all interested in the subject to peruse this book."—*Oxford Magazine*.

**The Right Line and Circle (Coordinate Geometry).** By DR. WILLIAM BRIGGS, and G. H. BRYAN, Sc.D., F.R.S. 3s. 6d.

"It is thoroughly sound throughout, and indeed deals with some difficult points with a clearness and accuracy that has not, we believe, been surpassed."—*Education*.

## SCIENCE.

**Text-Book of Botany.** By J. M. LOWSON, M.A., B.Sc., F.L.S. *Fifth Edition.* 6s. 6d.

**Text-Book of Zoology.** By H. G. WELLS, B.Sc., F.Z.S., F.C.P. Enlarged and Revised by A. M. DAVIES, D.Sc. *Fifth Edition.* 6s. 6d.

**The Tutorial Chemistry.** By G. H. BAILEY, D.Sc., Ph.D. Edited by WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.C.S.

Part I. Non-Metals. *Fourth Edition.* 3s. 6d.

Part II. Metals and Physical Chemistry. *Second Edition.* 4s. 6d.

**The Tutorial Physics.** A course in six volumes.

1. Text-Book of Sound. By E. CATCHPOOL, B.Sc. *Fifth Edition.* 4s. 6d.

2. Higher Text-Book of Heat. By R. W. STEWART, D.Sc. 6s. 6d.

3. Text-Book of Light. By R. W. STEWART, D.Sc. *Fourth Edition.* 4s. 6d.

4. Higher Text-Book of Magnetism and Electricity. By R. W. STEWART, D.Sc. 6s. 6d.

5. Properties of Matter. By C. J. L. WAGSTAFF, M.A. 3s. 6d.

6. Practical Physics. By W. R. BOWER, A.R.C.S., and J. SATTERLY, D.Sc., M.A. 4s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS, LD.,  
Drury Lane, W.C.

THE  
Hartley University College Magazine.

---

= = Editorial Notes. = =

The Editor discourses upon Men and Things.

---

"Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim  
Scribere, tu causa es lector."—*Martial*.

(Thou art the cause, O reader, of my dwelling on lighter subjects when I would rather handle serious ones).

To those readers of this Magazine who delight in learned and studious matter I am afraid the present issue will be somewhat disappointing. In the first place we cater for the majority of our readers, who welcome the lighter part of this Magazine as a relief extremely desirable after their hard work during the terminals, and refuse to waste their well-earned leisure upon anything inclined to be serious. In the second place it is a case of *volens nolens*; inasmuch as contributions of a grave nature were conspicuous by their absence this term, and even a *leading article*, which is deemed so eminently desirable, failed to present itself for publication. We have endeavoured to supply this deficiency, however, by an account of an industrial revolution at present taking place in Tasmania, which should prove interesting to all our readers, if only because of the part which will be played by an old student of this College in this most important undertaking. We are continually hearing of the successes achieved by past students of Hartley, and this most recent success reflects great honour upon our College. The student whom we thus wish to bring under notice is well known to many inhabitants of Southampton, and is no other than Mr. J. H. Butters, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E. We take the liberty of reproducing the account

given in the *Electrical Engineer* of the appointment of Mr. Butters to the post of manager of the above-mentioned concern, which is destined to play a large part in the future development of Tasmania:—

“Mr. J. H. Butters, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., has been appointed chief engineer of the new Hydro-Electric Power and Metallurgical Co. (Ltd.), of Tasmania, and manager of their hydro-electric department. Mr. Butters, who was educated at Hartley University College, and is a graduate of the University of London, served as apprentice with Thornycroft & Co., leaving them to join Siemen's Bros. Dynamo Works, of London and Stafford. Whilst with the latter Mr. Butters held the position of designing engineer, and was subsequently in charge of the estimating and design department at the Stafford Works, being later transferred to the head office as central station and power engineer. Two years ago he was appointed engineer of the firm's Australasian branch, which position he has now resigned to take up his new appointment. Mr. Butters is proceeding immediately to Tasmania to prepare specifications, etc., for the machinery which will be necessary to carry on the Company's work.”



It behoves us, too, in this our first Magazine to extend, on behalf of our readers, a hearty welcome to all members of the College staff who have made their advent this session, namely:—Prof. Lyttel, M.A. (Oxon.), Dr. Wynn Jones, Mr. G. Dudley, B.A., LL.B., Miss M. M. Cussans, B.Sc. (Vict.), and Mr. Harvey.

Although they have been with us for so short a period it is pleasing to relate that they have made themselves quite “at home” in this College, and have already become deservedly popular with the students. The College authorities are certainly to be congratulated on having secured so worthy a successor to Dr. Hearnshaw as Prof. Lyttel; while the Literary and Debating Society must consider itself singularly fortunate in having so able a Chairman as that learned gentleman to conduct their meetings. Mr. Dudley, too, needs no recommendation on our part, for he has quickly won the hearts of all sporting students at Hartley, and in particular has rendered invaluable service to the Rugby Club this term at a time when such aid was urgently needed. Dr. Wynn Jones, and Miss Cussans have also proved their worth to both the educational and social sides of the College, and, in short, the

latest additions to the staff are all veritable acquisitions, which more than atone, perhaps, for the vacancies caused by the departure of so many of last session's professors and lecturers.



## HONOUR LIST.

+ + +

It is another pleasant task of ours to congratulate all Hartley students, past and present, who have been successful in their London University Examinations this year. The results this year are highly creditable to the College, and continue to show that Hartley, as an educational institution, is still in a flourishing condition. We append a list of all the successes attributed to Hartley:—

### LONDON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

#### HONOUR LIST, 1911.

##### *Master of Arts.*

HISTORY. John Bennison, Henry John Sparks.

##### *Bachelor of Arts.*

E. Boden (2nd Class Honours in History); E. Lees (2nd Class Honours in History); J. H. Jackson (3rd Class Honours in Classics).

##### *2nd Division Pass.*

F. V. Kent, W. J. Ryall, M. E. M. Sanders, E. R. Stone.

##### *Bachelor of Science.*

E. J. Fraser (2nd Class Honours in Botany); A. F. Graham (3rd Class Honours in Chemistry).

##### *1st Division Pass.*

C. S. Agate.

##### *2nd Division Pass.*

A. E. Bullen, P. T. Freeman.

##### *B.Sc. (Engineering):*

C. B. H. Clark, M. J. C. Cooper, H. F. Humby.

*Intermediate Examinations in Arts.*

M. Beresford, L. Daniels, P. Mann, E. Walsh, R. J. C. Weber, T. Williams, C. H. Whittaker (without English), E. R. Manley (English only).

*Intermediate Examination in Science.*

L. N. Coombs, A. Hudson, E. A. Merrett, B. O. Meyer, M. E. Miles, W. F. Perry, G. Reeves, G. Smith, S. Whitehouse.

*Engineering.*

M. H. King.

**The Oak Book.**

Parts II. and III. of the Oak Book, edited by Prof. Studer have just been issued by the Southampton Record Society

Part II. contains among other documents an important version of the Rolls of Oleron, the Sea Laws of the Middle Ages.

Part III. consists of an Anglo-Norman glossary, Indexes, and an essay on the French dialect of Southampton at the beginning of the 14th century.

**The "Alliance Française."**

The formation of this French Society, which has for its object the extension of facilities for speaking French in Southampton, and the acquisition of greater perfection in that language, has so far proved a great success, judging by the number of members who have joined. Several Hartley students have taken advantage of the opportunity thus afforded them of improving their acquaintance with the French language, and others would do well to follow their example. Several interesting and instructive lectures are arranged to take place after Christmas, and it is hoped that the number of members will considerably swell with the advent of the new year.



## ADVERTISEMENTS



THAT the size of our magazine is yearly increasing; not because we have an extended grant from the Central Committee, but because we are getting more *advertisements*. This year, Mr. H. Watt, our Hon. Secretary, has been unusually successful, and deserves all praise for the increased number of advertisements which he has obtained. We strongly ask from the readers of this magazine that his efforts should be repaid, and we suggest two ways: The first concerns every reader, and consists in giving custom only to those firms who advertise in our pages, so that the Secretary's task may be considerably lightened when he makes his annual approach to those firms to request them to advertise. The second way in which his task may be lightened is by the purchase of additional copies of the magazine, so that his coffers may be more plentifully supplied. Every student receives his copy free, and it is not too much to expect a large number to purchase additional copies at 6d. each. We hope our readers will see the justice of these remarks and act accordingly.

SUB. ED.



## THE ELECTRIFICATION OF TASMANIA.

\* \* \*

[A brief description of an Impending Industrial Revolution that is calculated to make this Island State the first manufacturing state in the Commonwealth; and of especial interest to Hartleyans, both past and present, in that the Manager appointed by the Company, who has undertaken to carry this project into execution, is no other than a past student of Hartley University College, namely, Mr. J. H. Butters, B. Sc., A.M.L.E.E.,]

IT is an astonishing fact that Tasmania, rich as it is in minerals, soil, rainfall, and water supply, has ever been backwards in manufacturing industries. Beyond being famous for its summer climate, its orchards, and the fish of its innumerable lakes and streams, it has never risen to be more than the dumping ground of Sydney and Melbourne. It seems, however, that at last the "Land o' Lots o' Sleep" is on the verge of a development which cannot fail to have a considerable influence upon its importance as an industrial centre of the Australian Commonwealth. Quoting the words of C. A. Jeffries (in his article upon this subject written for *The Lone Hand*, an Australian magazine, to which we are indebted for most of the information we possess upon this matter), the secret of industrial success is cheap power. It is in accordance with this dictum that the present undertaking has been projected by experts who have at last realised the facility with which this essential power can be produced by applying their science to the natural advantages with which Tasmania is endowed.

A glance at the map of Tasmania will show that the island is shaped something like a shield, with an area of 26,215 miles, a coastline of 900 miles, and a present population of 184,000. The island rises to an elevated plateau in the centre, from which ascend the peaks of innumerable mountains, and which is traversed by the Great Western Mountains. North and east fall great rivers, while on the western side the waters are gathered into a number of lakes, the largest of which is known as the Great Lake, whose bed is 3,400 feet above the sea, and holds 26,000 acres of water. For eight months of the year, thanks to the snow on the surrounding mountains, the water of this lake remains at practically the same level, and

for that period pours through its rocky gates 64,596 cubic feet of water per minute into the Shannon River, its outlet. The lake thus lies roughly in the centre of the island, and the whole of the closely settled districts, and almost all of the area served by the State railway system, lies within a radius of 64 miles, the only parts of the island any distance from it being the three corners of the shield.

For some years the tremendous possibilities of this Great Lake as a producer of cheap electric power have been recognised, and J. H. Gillies, the Metallurgist, Chemist, and brainy investigator, pointed out to the Tasmanian Government that the waters of the Great Lake had need only to be harnessed to create new industries and yield a most handsome profit. The Government, however, harassed by the financial problem of Tasmania, considered the enterprise beyond the "proper sphere of government," and thus it is that a private company, *The Complex Ores Co.*, obtained from Parliament the concession "to take, divert, and use water from the rivers Ouse and Shannon, and to conserve the waters of the Great Lake, to construct buildings and establish works, acquire private lands, construct lines for the transmission of electric energy, and to supply and make charge therefor." This is undoubtedly the greatest concession ever made to a private company, inasmuch as, not only is the scheme calculated to harness sufficient water power to drive a whole State, but it has the overwhelming advantage of being placed by nature in such a position that this aim may be attained cheaply and effectively. For instance, Niagara, which could supply the whole of the United States with electric energy were it not for the unprofitable undertaking of conducting the mysterious fluid, does not actually supply the United States and Canada with this electric energy beyond a radius of about 270 miles. Within this radius, however, cheap power can be delivered at a cost that defies competition. However, the *Complex Ores, Ltd.*, is concerned with the exploitation of certain improved and patented processes for the treatment of zinc ores throughout the world, and in the vast range of its operations, Tasmania is but a small speck. Hence it is that this splendid concession was traded off to another concern, the *Hydro Electric Power and Metallurgical Co., Ltd.*, of Tasmania. It is to this company that Mr. J. H. Butters has been appointed Chief Engineer and Manager of their Hydro-Electric Supply Department, and thus it is on the success of his efforts, and on those of his subordinates, that the motive power of a whole State, and all the tremendous possibilities which the cheap supply of this power entails, depend.

And yet, the materialisation of this scheme is as simple as its effect upon the future prosperity of the Island State will be great. The intention of the company is to erect another weir across the natural one we have already described, which will raise the water level of the lake by four feet, and thus ensure a continuous and permanent supply. The water which flows out into the River Shannon will be tapped, and part of it diverted along another channel, compressed into pipes, and, in a short length, dropped 1000 feet vertically on to revolving turbines, which will turn huge electric generators and pour electric currents to every part of the Island State. The water, having turned the turbines and made the electricity, will be delivered into the Ouse, later on returning back into the Shannon, and, without being contaminated in any way, sent on its journey to the sea. There are no great engineering problems to be overcome, for nature has already provided a first class foundation for the weir that is to increase the storage of the lake. The first transmission line will be laid down to *Hobart*, the wires of which will be specially insulated. The line will terminate a few miles outside *Hobart*, where the current will be reduced in accordance with the city regulations. As an indication of the benefit that this line will bring to the town, we may mention that the company are arranging contracts for light and power which represent in that town alone £24,000 per annum, against an annual maintenance cost of £18,375, with a large surplus of power (about 2,000 h.p.) left over, which will go on to be used in the Company's Metallurgical Works at North-West Bay, 12 miles from *Hobart*. Again, any further demands would be met with the installation of further units, and these are certain to arise. Thus, for instance, the *Huon* valley is full of sawmills, which can be driven cheaper by electricity than steam. Generally, the power of the industries of Tasmania, which the new power station on the Ouse intends to supply, and which amounts at present to about 25,000 h.p., costs to-day anything from £28 to £30 per h.p. The *Hydro-Electric* will be able to supply that power at from £8 to £10 per annum, and in addition make a handsome profit. The company could use all its power for its own works, but that the Act which give it this concession stipulates that it must supply public requirements. This is where the effect on Tasmania is going to come. Last year some 350,000 tons of zinc concentrates left Australia worth £3 a ton, and after passing through the hands of German metallurgists emerged worth £23 per ton to them. To keep that extra £20 per ton in Australia, the *Complex Ores, Ltd.*, asked the Government for the power which the *Hydro-*

*Electric Company* will now supply, at an astonishingly low cost (£440,000 according to estimate).

Of even greater importance than its supplying power for the present industries of Tasmania, is the effect the scheme will have upon the future industrial development of this State. As before said, cheap electric power plays a mighty part in the establishment of industries, and it is predicted, that, in addition to the electrical treatment of zinc ores, that of the more valuable metals, copper, silver, and even gold, will come within the influence of electrical agency. Considerations of space will enable us to give only two examples of the possibilities which this scheme entails. Thus, the production of aluminium, a substance of growing use, cannot be produced without electrical power. The raw material from which this metal is obtained, namely Bauxite, is found in N.S.W., and N.S.W. will get the value of the raw material. But the stuff will go to Tasmania to be manufactured, and thus the island State will get the value of the finished article. The establishment of iron and steel industries too, in which electricity again plays an important and growing part, and upon which national existence will one day probably depend, is another imminent prospect, when we consider that Tasmania has all the elements—iron ore, limestone, timber for charcoal, and coal for production purposes—upon which a successful steel and iron industry depends.

There are scores of other industries too, which will undoubtedly follow in the wake of these, and everything points to Tasmania becoming the *Electric State*, and the manufacturing centre of the Commonwealth. Hence we can estimate the responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of Mr. Butters, of whom we are justly proud, and appreciate the great honour which will accrue to him should the scheme be successfully carried into execution, as, undoubtedly it will.

We take this opportunity of printing a letter which he has written to Mr. E. Fielder, probably one of the oldest students of Hartley, in which he mentions his recent appointment, and gives several interesting observations he has made during his travels in New Zealand.

SUB. ED.

+ + +

HYDRO ELECTRIC POWER AND METALLURGICAL CO., LTD.,  
MACQUARIE STREET,  
HOBART,  
TASMANIA,

21st August, 1911.

DEAR MR. FIELDER.

I've held over writing because I've been expecting something to come off and it's taken longer than I thought, but come at last.

It's this:—I'm leaving Siemen's Brothers and joining a new Company—the Hydro-Electric Power and Metallurgical Company, Ltd.

I've just been appointed Chief Engineer to the company and manager to their Electric Supply department.

I had to report on the scheme for my old company. Siemens, last year. I did so, and they've approved it, and so has C. H. Merz, the big consulting engineer, and we're going right ahead with it, and I've got complete charge.

Not bad luck to strike it so soon.

I've done a lot of travelling about since I've been out here—been in every state except Queensland.

Was across in New Zealand in February on that big Hydro-Electric Scheme which the Waihi Gold Mining Company have gone in for.

I had to report on it, and it is fairly interesting.

They are harnessing the Waikato River, installing 6—1,200 rev. Francis-Siemens Turbo-Alternative 3 phase 50 v. (about 20 feet maximum hydraulic head, so the quantity of water is pretty big) 5,000 volts, stepping up to 50,000 for transmission.

The line is 45 miles long, and at the end is stepped down at Waihi to feed the Waihi Mine and its various Mills.

I went over the whole route and Siemens eventually got the order. The machinery will be arriving in a few months and I'm rather sorry I'm not able to see it through.

New Zealand is truly a fine country. Its climate is more like that of England than of Australia—hence my liking possibly.

I got in a few days at Rotorua, the "hot place" of New Zealand.

The whole district around Rotorua is swarmed with such wierd things as boiling mud ponds and water springs, hot geysers, sulphur ponds, and mines, blow-holes; in fact there are many places it isn't safe to go near for fear of tumbling through to—a warm place.

The Maoris there do all their cooking by fixing a grate—an empty box with the top and bottom out—over one of the blow-holes, and putting their pots and pans over these to boil.

They wash their clothes by taking them out and doing the job in the nearest ditch.

Strange to relate, another sight near Rotura is a *cold* spring.

Quite a huge bore, about 2 feet in diameter, in the bed of a river is sending out a continuous stream of ice-cold water.

There are two beautiful lakes near there, too—one called the Rotokakahi—the Green Lake, and the other Tikitapi—the Blue Lake. These are separated by a narrow strip—one is an emerald green, and the other a perfect sky blue, and the contrast makes a wonderful sight.

There's a good train service between Auckland, Rotorua, and Wellington. The Main Trunk runs through from the former to the latter, leaving Auckland at 9 o'clock p.m. one day and reaching Wellington at 3.50 p.m. next afternoon.—3ft. 6in. guage.

Several large and flourishing pastoral towns are passed through, such as Palmerston, Taihape, Otaki, and Marton—not a bad journey in the winter, but beastly dusty and hot in the summer.

Auckland, the largest city in New Zealand, is very pleasantly situated around a great harbour, and is flourishing by leaps and bounds. This will be the Australasian Station of the Imperial Navy Pacific Squadron, soon, it's moving across from Sydney.

Wellington, too, is a fine sort of a place, but it's not quite as wide awake as Auckland.

✦   ✦   ✦

I'll write again as soon as I can get well to work on my new work—I've got a pretty good task in front of me for a few years.

Remember me to all old friends—suppose they've all or most left Southampton now.

By the way, I don't find during my rambles many nicer towns to live in than old Southampton,

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. BUTTERS.



## SAYINGS APROPOS.

"Raillery, Raillery! indeed we have no Animosity—  
We hit off a little now and then but no Animosity."

*Congreve—"Way of the World."*

"Next the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter  
of it"—*Emerson.*

\* \* \*

THE YORKSHIRE PUDDING AT THE WELCOME SMOKER.

"Muskets and cannons!—Eat it?"

*Randolph—"Muses' Looking Glass."*

THE CHAIRMAN'S ASSURANCE OF ITS EDIBILITY.

"Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus ædibilis*  
I will maintain it to be the most delicate."

*Lamb—"Essays of Eli."*

THE SENIORS REQUESTING THE ONE-YEAR-JUNIORS TO PAY  
THEIR FOOTING IN THE HISTORY CLASS.

"For thy sake, tobacco, I  
Would do anything but (lie)."

*With apologies to Lamb's—"Farewell to Tobacco."*

"A thing of custom;—'tis no other."

*"Macbeth."*

THE JUNIOR MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."

*"Hamlet."*

"THE VISITATION COMMITTEE."

"'Tis a stinger,  
A thing devised by the enemy."

*Middleton—"More Dissemblers beside Women."*

THE MORNING INTERVAL IN THE MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

"Now turn to different sports."

*Pope—"Dunciad."*



AFTER THE WELCOME SOIRÉE."

"Where are my shoes?"

*Massinger*—"The City Madam."

"NICK" IN CANADA.

"Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

*Samuel Johnson*—"Boswell's Life."

CHARLIE, HIS SUCCESSOR.

"I have a soul above buttons."

*George Coleman, Jr.*—"Sylvester Daggerwood."

SCI. SOC. TREAS.

"Govern well thy appetite."

*Milton*—"Paradise Lost."

LECTURES.

"I do not relish well  
Their loud applause."

*"Measure for Measure."*

RETIREMENTS.

"I dote on their very absence, and [I wish them a fair departure."

*"Merchant of Venice."*

"A mere stranger newly arrived!"

*Massinger*—"Guardian."

MR. B-SW-TH, THE JUNIOR PREFECT.

"And bears his blushing honours thick upon him."

*"Hamlet."*

"A genooine statesman should be on his guard,  
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard."

*Lowell*—"Biglow Papers."

## MR. B-SH-P THE DON.

"I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright."

*Congreve—"Way of the World."*

## A TIP TO THE COLLEGE COUNCIL.

"A diligent lecturer deserves eightpence a pint tuition."

*Randolph—"Arestippus."*

## MR. G-DD-N'S SPEECH UPON THE AWARDING OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

"When I had spoken half-an-hour, I had told them everything I knew in the world."

*"Agassiz."*

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

"A marcful providunce fashioned us holler  
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller."

*Lowell—"Biglow Papers."*

## MR. D-N--LS.

"That there is game noon,  
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon."

*Chaucer—"Legend of Good Women."*

## WHEN THE HARTLEY TEAM WIN.

"They throw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation."

*"Coriolanus."*

## WHEN THEY LOSE.

"As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low."

*Wordsworth—"Resolution and Independence."*

## THE SNOW WHITE DOVES OF HARTLEY.

"See how that pair of billing doves  
With open murmurs own their loves;  
And heedless of censorious eyes,  
Pursue their unpolluted joys."

"FERDY" AT THE TEA-TABLE.

"This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!"  
*"Merry Wives of Windsor."*

THE SAME GENTLEMAN AS SUB-Editor.

"I would derive the name *edition* not so much from *edo* to publish, as from *edo* to eat; that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called."

*Lowell—"Biglow Papers."*

A SOIREE COMMITTEE PROBLEM.

"What dances shall we have  
 To wear away this long age of three hours?"  
*"Midsummer Night's Dream."*

THE COMMON ROOM WELCOME TO MR. B-SH-P.

"You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments."  
*"King Lear."*

MR. SN-W.

"I have play'd the fool, the gross fool."  
*Massinger—"Unnatural Combat."*

"Indeed, I know not;  
 I never saw such an ape before; but hark you,  
 Are these things serious in his nature?"  
*Massinger—"A Very Woman."*

MR. J. G. M-RSH-L.

"Thy chin the springing beard began  
 To spread a doubtful down and promise man."  
*Prior—"Ode to Memory of Villiers."*

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO SEND QUOTATIONS.

"As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it: namely, religion, matters of State, *great persons*, any man's present business of importance, *any case that deserveth pity.*"

*Bacon—"Essays."*



## THE RECEPTION OF THE JUNIORS.

\* \* \*

The annual problem of how best to receive the Juniors of this current session, again occupied the minds of our Seniors at the beginning of this term; and to solve this difficulty a special committee of "*prefects*" was formed. As the result of their efforts the Seniors found plenty of amusement on the night of the Welcome Smoker, while the Juniors turned up trumps in every respect, and fully satisfied all the numerous demands made upon them by their exacting Seniors. The hoax decided upon by the self-styled "*prefects*" was quite an original one, and the best explanation we can give is that tendered by the Chairman at the Welcome Smoker. Having remarked (during one of the "*serious*" speeches with which he was frequently compelled to interrupt the lighter part of the programme), that it had previously been the custom of the Senate of this College to summon the Juniors individually before them in order to ascertain from their own lips sundry details concerning their persons and the conditions of their lodgings, he went on to show how the "*student members of the Senate*," of whom he announced his intention of saying more later, had obtained the important concession which they then held. By this concession, the "*prefects*" of the students were to make themselves responsible for acquiring the information hitherto given in the presence of the Senate. This was to be accomplished by personal visits on the part of these prefects to each lodging-house where a Junior resided, and, in the presence of the prefect, that Junior must sign the form drawn up by the Visitation Committee appointed by the Senate. This was the explanation, said the Chairman, of the visits of the prefects made during the week which had preceded the Smoker. The following is a copy of the form which the Juniors were required to fill in, and we quote some of the best replies made to the questions contained therein:—

# PATSTONE & SON,

---

 Gun Makers, 

---

25, HIGH STREET,  
SOUTHAMPTON,

---



## SUPPLY:



FOOTBALLS.

BOXING GLOVES.

PUNCHING BALLS.

INDIAN CLUBS.

HOCKEY STICKS & BALLS.



GOLF CLUBS, BALLS, and  
all other Requisites.

BADMINTON RACKETS

and

SHUTTLECOCKS.

---

**Pocket Knives of all Kinds.**

**Safety and other Razors** from One Shilling each.

---

Agents for SANDOW'S DEVELOPERS and SPRING DUMB BELLS;  
Also for TERRY & WHITELEY'S EXERCISERS.

---

**B.S.A. Air Rifles, Slugs and Targets.**

**Miniature Rifles and Targets.**

---

**Finest Selection, Best  
Quality, and Cheapest  
Prices.**

---

**Telephone 872.**

ESTABLISHED 1854.

# J. POOLE & Co.

104, CHARING CROSS ROAD,  
———LONDON.———

School, Classical, Mathematical, Theological, Scientific  
and Students'

---

New & Second-Hand  
... BOOKSELLERS ...

---

All enquiries as to prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK  
answered. BOOKS BOUGHT

---

## DEBENHAM & SMITH,

. . Photographers, . .

---

149, Above Bar, Anglesea Place,

*(Late 1, Sussex Place)*

**SOUTHAMPTON.**

~~~~~  
Groups and Portraits—First-class Work only
~~~~~

**Special Terms to the Students of Hartley  
University College.**



## H.U.C. VISITATION COMMITTEE.

General Information Concerning  
Men's Lodgings.

## FORM.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Name in full.  
Age.
2. Southampton Address.
3. Character of Lodgings:
  - (a) Name of Landlady.
  - (b) No. of Lodgers & Accommodation.
  - (c) No. in family.
  - (d) Description.
  - (e) Charge:  
Does this include Laundry?  
Are your boots cleaned?
  - (f) Are Meals satisfactory?
  - (g) Is the neighbourhood respectable and quiet enough for evening study?
  - (h) Have you any complaints to make?
4. How long each night do you intend to devote to study?
5. Do you smoke?  
Do you drink?

## ANSWERS.

1. John Smith.  
21.
2. 250, Regent Street, Shirley.
3.
  - (a) Mrs. Antipon.
  - (b) 3 bedrooms and 1 sitting room. Bed satisfactory. Not far to fall. Used to double bed.
  - (c) None at present. Landlady ill.
  - (d) Landlord has fits. Landlady fat.
  - (e) 15/-  
Does not include *personal* washing.  
Yes. Supposed to be.
  - (f) Haven't had one yet. Would like something warm to drink for supper instead of water.
  - (g) Too public. Too much row. Girls will intrude to play piano.
  - (h) Landlady rather inquisitive. Nothing else to complain of except rotten junket for tea last Sunday.
4. 5 hours.
5. No, not at present.  
Water and Health Salts (Eno's Fruit Salts).

## QUESTIONS.

6. Have you any lady acquaintances in town?
7. Do you belong to the Church of England?
8. How do you intend to devote your spare time on Sunday?
9. Do you play cricket, football or tennis?
10. Do you swim or skulk?
11. General information?

## ANSWERS.

6. Not very sure. Talked to one girl for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Don't think she can be called an acquaintance as yet.
7. Yes, hut goes to Chapel. Went to tea with the minister last week.
8. Bed in morning, C.U. in afternoon, Church in evening, Walk up the Avenue after Church.
9. Tennis and Hockey. Would like place in Coll. Hockey Team. Women not yet consulted.
10. Swim a bit. Not much hoating.
11. Plays "Jew's Harp" (Selections with co-digger). Sister about 17, name Evelyn. Not mashing. Will stand as Junior Representative on Senate.

*Signature of Student*—J. SMITH.

*Visitor*—W. DIDDLER.

### Visiting Prefect's Remarks.

Very affable and talkative. Made inquiry as to salary of visitor. Has to hath himself (owing to 3 e). Placed foot upon table to show how well his boots were cleaned. Paid his footing in cigarettes. Gave visitor a dose of Health Salts. Offers to dose any Coll. chap who cares to call round. Offered to take Visitor with him to see his sister. As regards dancing, he prefers thin girls as a rule, hut has seen fat girls who can dance well. He once had a dance with a fat girl and couldn't stick on his feet. Head not hard enough for him to be able to stand on it. Comes from the sleepest place you could come across in a ten days' march.

The results of the joke, read aloud by the respective "*prefects*," who had visited the digs. in question, fulfilled the expectations of the seniors, and were received with much hilarity on their part. Other practical jokes arranged by the Committee also provided great amusement for all present, except, perhaps, the participators. Since that was the first opportunity which the seniors had had of meeting their juniors, said the Chairman in another of his "*serious*" speeches, it was essential that a certain amount of business should be transacted during that evening. Accordingly he,



acting under the advice of the "*prefects*," made nominations to the audience for the election of four juniors to the important positions of "*Junior Representatives on the Senate*." Having explained that the duties of these members were to advocate reforms, at Senate Meetings, which should be beneficial to the students, he showed how previous student members of the Senate had obtained the important concession before mentioned. The consent of the four candidates proposed had previously been obtained, and all that was required was the approval of his audience. Needless to say, this was unanimously granted, and the favoured chosen were required to make short speeches. The first speaker opened in a true oratorical fashion, and expressing his pleasure at the honour conferred upon him, he assured his audience that he would represent their interests to the best of his ability. As a proof of his zeal in his new capacity, he subsequently asked for the names of those lodgings which the efforts of the *Visitation Committee* had shown to be somewhat below the mark, so that he might require the Senate to strike them off the registered list of lodging-houses. The second speaker allied himself to the wishes, hopes, and intentions of the first. As a variation, the Chairman asked the third member to give his views upon the system of awarding scholarships at Hartley. This question, we presume, was designedly put to that particular member, for it soon became evident from his speech that he reckoned himself entitled to a scholarship. The speaker, becoming eloquent, exhibited an abnormal grasp of mathematical principles, when he showed that there was £10 missing in the recent method of awarding scholarships. Thus he showed with admirable precision that since there was only one scholarship of £10 awarded, and five of £5 (instead of three £10 and three £5 scholarships), there remained £10 unaccounted for. His oft-repeated queries to his audience "*Where's the other Ten?*" failed to evoke any response from them, although it was evident they fully sympathised with him. The Chairman, having pointed out that that member could easily win fame by attacking this procedure of the Senate upon this question of the awarding of scholarships, required the last representative of the juniors to give his views upon the rule at the foot of the declaration which he had been compelled to sign on entering College, namely, that no intercourse between the men and women students was permitted unless at recognised College functions. Space will not permit us to give all his remarks upon this subject. Suffice it to say that, on the whole, they were expressions of the same opinion which the majority of his hearers entertained upon that subject, and again the

Chairman was able to point out that this provided another occasion for a reform which that member might advocate on the Senate.

Another interesting ceremony took place which provided many a laugh at the expense of the Juniors. Thus the Christening Ceremony, during which Messrs. Kelly, Braine, Eling, Hackette, and Precious, had their names changed respectively to *Antonio*, *Grapenuts*, *Eno*, *Patsy* and *Ruby*, was a source of much amusement. The *Calf's* strength fully qualified him for the rôle of sponsor; and while he held each junior in turn in his arms, the Chairman solemnly christened them by marking their foreheads with a neat cross (by means of a brush and a bottle of ink), while solemnly announcing the names by which they were henceforth to be known in the College.

The methods adopted by the Committee of curing undesirable precocities on the part of certain juniors were certainly quaint, but appear to have been effective. Thus, before admitting a certain junior (who had been wont to enlarge his vocabulary by many words not to be found in an ordinary dictionary, or approved by the C.U.), to the select company of the Hartley students, it was found desirable that he should cleanse his mouth with Condyl's fluid and scrub his teeth with a brush dipped in the same. Another gentleman who had taken upon himself the rôle of the "funny man" of the Juniors, was required to state to his audience why he considered himself funny. Not being able to demonstrate this to their satisfaction, he pleaded guilty to having usurped that rôle, and was discharged with a caution. Other amusing contributions to the programme were the competition between the Yorkshiremen to decide who could eat Yorkshire pudding (specially prepared for the occasion) at the quickest rate, the Beauty Competition, the Lancashire Clog Dance, etc., etc.; while, during another "serious" turn, a certain junior was elected "*Prefect of the Juniors*," and gave the company much valuable information, duly appreciated, upon the system of prefects existing at the institution from which he had just arrived.

It was extremely lucky for another young man (who had had such an opinion of his abilities as a swimmer as to think himself qualified to attempt to form a Swimming Club on his own, within a week of his entering the College), that he made no appearance at the Smoker. It appears he would have had to oblige the company with some exhibition dives in a bucket of water. It was also whispered that another junior thought

to outwit the seniors by exhibiting at the Beauty Competition some white socks with "*sold again*" painted on them. It was unfortunate for the company that he had not time to don them before coming to College, for the spectacle of his washing those socks in a bucket of water would certainly have been somewhat unique.

However, the Seniors were fully content with the way in which their Juniors came up to scratch; and a splendid evening's amusement ended with a record "*march up*" and "*Gobli*," in which some hundred students lustily vociferated; while the final blending of voices in a harmonious rendering of "*Bravo Hartley! Bravo! Bravissimo!*" completely captivated the hearts of the numerous spectators who were fortunate witnesses of this display of enthusiasm. May Hartley long exist to provide similar Welcome Smokers each year for its Juniors was the earnest wish of all who were present.

F.T.T.

---

## HOME TO THE NORTH.

\* \* \*

The "Vac" is at hand and snow even here,  
But I'm off where the winter's more bitter;  
A Northman so bold  
Disdaineth the cold,  
And puts in his holidays fitter  
Where the skies' leaden hues  
Give a fit of the blues,  
And winter's a dev'lish hard hitter.

Icicle-jagged like a *chevaux-de-frise*,  
And his cheeks swelling out like a puncheon,  
He revels up there,  
A grim polar bear,  
And brings the North Pole for a truncheon;  
That you Southrons would quail,  
And in terror turn tail,  
With him in full chase for his luncheon.

Yes, off to that dread and winter swept land  
Where the hectoring North's in a bluster,  
With shattered ice-sheet  
To furnish him sleet,  
The stars blown away in a cluster ;  
While the wind and the rain  
Are carousing again,  
To keep up the damnable fluster.

Home to the cloud-darkened graniry hills  
And the impatient hurrying river,  
That eagerly springs  
With splashing of wings  
That makes all the rock-ledges shiver ;  
While the thundering skirl  
Of his flash and his swirl  
Reverberates on them for ever.

Off to my home and its fields of wide snow,  
To the lone lofty highlands and hollows ;  
Where ice-work has grown  
As massive as stone,  
And Boreas rages and bellows.  
E'en his leonine squall,  
Though it break down the wall,  
Can't scare such redoubtable fellows.

Warm hearts in the North, all robust and hale,  
In the mountains to which we are hieing,  
Will dance with delight  
To have us in sight,  
Though legions of snowflakes are flying.  
There is warmth in our blood,  
And a bold hardihood,  
Invasions of Nature defying.

So lusting in heart for our own wild home,  
We look down on you weaklings with pity ;  
No stamina there,  
We laugh to compare  
Our men who're so stalwart and gritty.  
You're struck in a huddle  
You cringe and you cuddle,  
Adieu to your sloppy old city.

A. E.



THAT the brewers are doing well in Canada since *Nick's* arrival.

---

THAT *Charlie* looks well in his uniform.

---

THAT "Time gentlemen ! and how many more *times* ?" is no longer heard.

---

THAT *Joe* reminds a certain lady lecturer of Wordsworth's "*Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* !"

---

THAT we hope she was not speaking sarcastically and meant that author's less-esteemed production "*The Idiot Boy*."

---

THAT a certain person refused a two-shilling piece as payment of an article, for which a postal order to that amount had to be sent to the manufacturers.

---

THAT we deeply regret that Mr. Gr-v-s, should so far have forgotten himself as to neglect tendering the halfpenny for the P.O.

THAT *Rule 5* of the Men's Common Room has been strictly observed this term.

---

THAT we should like, however, a little more music, and fewer of those sanguinary combats, wherein the blood of such valiant students as *Winkle* is shed.

---

THAT Mr. B-dm-n would have made an admirable redressor of students' wrongs on the Senate.

---

THAT it was lucky for Mr. St-l-y, that he did not turn up at the Welcome Smoker.

---

THAT his exhibition diving would have been interesting.

---

THAT "Vor Dorset dear then gi'e oon cheer."

---

THAT there are more to do it this time.

---

That it is, doubtless, for the purpose of raising their voices in unison, that a certain couple from that County are so frequently seen (or not seen) together at Sci. Soc. Meetings, Botanical excursions, etc.

---

THAT Mr. P-gh, \* \* \* Avenue \* \* \* Mum's the word.

---

THAT the Sci. Soc. flourishes this session. Membership—Won 115; Lost 1; Nett membership 114.

---

THAT *Joe* (of '09—'11 fame) has given up the scholastic profession and taken to exercising greyhounds.

---

THAT to him we owe those immortal lines:

"Across the sea I think of thee, Hee hee! Hee hee!  
Across the sea I think of you, Yah boo! Yah boo!"

THAT the *Calf* looked an ideal sponsor at the christening ceremony.

---

THAT the missing "*ten*" has not yet been found.

---

THAT the latest information on the subject can be obtained from Detective Inspector Godden.

---

THAT at last we have a Bun-boy whose face is unmasked.

---

THAT the "one-sessioners" paid their footing to the History class in *cigarettes*.

---

That under the weight of *biological, psychological, economical, and practical reasons*, Women's Suffrage will surely never be granted.

---

That Mr. Raymond is not of a morbid turn of mind.

---

That Sergeant Collins is of opinion that the Hartley students should not all be soldiers.

---

That Mrs. Walters might employ a page-boy to look after her correspondence.

---

That "*No. 44! I triumph!*"

---

That Mr. P. gh has a great esteem for women.

---

That he also has been introduced to *Ma*, and has the permission of *Pa*.

---

That Mr. B-dm-n would like to know whether Serg. Collins drills the ladies.

That Mr. Pr - ce knows a certain young lady who sings to him midnight zephyrs.

---

That a teacher must give her ears to the one who is reading, and her eyes to the rest of the class.

---

That a teacher must look both ways at once.

---

That it is the custom of the Juniors to carry pocket mirrors and use them *during Debates*.

---

That Mr. U. s. ll has a very large coefficient of visibility.

---

That *Snow* is "*hot stuff*."

---

THAT it is better to be a "*good old has been*" than a "*never was-er*."

---

THAT "Here we go round the *blackberry* bush" to the tune of the "Dead March" is the latest game.

---

THAT a certain young lady tried to "set her cap" three times, but fortunately more wool was needed.

---

THAT chemical knowledge saved fifty guineas.

---

THAT *Queen Ann* is remotely connected with tombstones, but is pleasanter than *quinine*.

---

THAT there is beauty even in Hartley.

---

THAT the wet weather shower bath in the W.C.R. gives further proof that Hartley is of the "Waterhouse type."

---

THAT it is too *outré* for Southampton.

---

THAT Mr. H-rv-y's watch is *not* driven by petrol.



1912 A.D. ✕ ✕

\* \* \*

A prominent member of the Junior Staff possesses a telescope. Not one of those portable amateurish things, dear to the espionage yachtsman, which can be produced ever so far both ways when a strange craft or bathing machine heaves in sight. No! this is a scientific brass affair, fearfully and wonderfully made, bedight with screws, and mounted on a stand. To the casual observer it looks like a Maxim—Nordenfeldt 3-pounder. It has frightened burglars, and given pause to German spies.

With it, at times, the proud possessor sweeps the heavens and celestial bodies. A few months ago he discovered a new star and wrote to the Astronomer Royal about it. He still thinks it was professional jealousy prompted that hide bound official to make facetious remarks about the light in the Clock Tower.

His latest and most brilliant achievement, however, has just been completed, and as we go to press it is beginning to have far-reaching effects, not only in the Hartley, but throughout the Kingdom, wherever bachelors most do congregate. After weeks of arduous sky-scanning and mathematical manipulation, our savant feels himself in a position to state, without fear of contradiction, that 1912 is divisible by 4. In view of this discovery, which has fallen like a bomb-shell among us, the learned gentleman has ventured to predict that the 1st January next will usher in a Leap year.

If the facts on which this theory rests are true—and we hesitate to doubt it—and if the inference drawn therefrom is valid—then, indeed, it is high time something was being done to meet the impending catastrophe.

The perils incident to Leap Year are too well-known to call for explanation on our part. But has it ever occurred to our readers what a vulnerable front the College presents to a vigorous onslaught of "the Fair," inspired by what dear old Cicero would call, the "*Cacoethes Rogandi*."

The press is deluged with letters from rabid Jingoese and timorous citizens, pointing out the defenceless condition of the Shetland Islands, and the possibility of a German Invasion *via* the Kyles of Bute. How futile and fatuous seem these vapid vapourings of—M.A. (Oxon.)—"Father of Five"—and *Pro bono publico*—when we consider what a helpless prey we are to the husband hunter.

However, we are glad to be able to state that already something has been done. The unmarried members of the Staff are up in arms.

Shortly after receipt of the news a meeting was held in the Staff Room. Various projects were discussed, and finally a committee of five was appointed to consider a plan of campaign. Various volumes on strategy and defensive tactics have been ordered for the College-library.

A proposal was brought forward that Professors and Lecturers who were not, and did not want to be, married should veil their charms with *crêpe* masks.

A number of embrace proof waistcoats, fitted with 10-inch spikes, were submitted by a local tradesman. They were tried on and discussed. It was finally agreed to order a dozen, provided the manufacturers would supply barbed points. Various forms of preventive head-dress were next considered, the majority declaring in favour of a repulsive clerico-anarchist style in soft felt.

One gentleman present offered to impart to his colleagues the name of his tobacco and his favourite brand of weed. After sampling the contents of his case, it was unanimously agreed that this violated the spirit of the Geneva Convention, so the cigars were dropped—after a few whiffs, and were courageously removed by Head Porter Taylor. The meeting, however, was hastily adjourned.

This is a step in the right direction, and we hope that the men students as a body, and individually, will take similar precautions. As a prophylactic measure we would suggest that all men whose digs include, among the articles of furniture, a landlady's daughter with potential matrimonial propensities, should change their quarters at the end of the term. We also think the men's corridor might be put in a better state of defence. We understand that one of the lecturers was a leading light, though an indifferent shot, in a regiment of Volunteer Artillery. Why not have a field-piece loaded with confetti at that very strategic point the junction of the Common Room passage and the corridor?

The way in which the news of the coming crisis has been received in the Women's Common Room only serves to increase our apprehension and prompts us to reiterate our warnings. A notice is already displayed in the corridor, calling attention to a course of practical lectures on "The Glad Eye and How to give it." A manuscript volume, entitled the "Psychology of Phlyrting," is being privately

circulated. In Germany this treatise is regarded as a standard authority on the *Ars Amoris*. At present there is no published English translation, so we are not familiar with its contents, but we understand that the curves showing the connection between the use of scent at College Soirées and the number of requests for dances, are instructive and pregnant with suggestion.

We are also credibly informed, that at the hostel, "smile-drill" in front of a mirror is quite a craze, and that various styles of ogling are being tested by the fair conspirators. The favourite gambit in amorous overtures seems to be, the *gioco piano*, the syrupy-languorous, and the *chassez-moi*.

But of course the strictest secrecy is being maintained; though we may be sure that extensive *sub-rosa* preparations are going on. We would, therefore, once more point out to our unwedded male readers, that to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed. Much can be done in the vacation to dismantle our fatal charms. Everything likely to attract the attentions of fair importunists must be ruthlessly discarded. Moustaches are a deadly source of proposals, so Mr. M-sh-l's face-fungus must go. The blinding glare of Mr. B-sh-p's half hose is sure to attract the moths; this blaze of glory must be abated. To Mr. G-n we say, "thy raven curls will work thee woe, go get thee to a tonsory." To all we say—"stand fast, unfurl the banner of militant bachelorhood, and learn to say *No!*"



## THE SONG OF THE SWOT.

\* \* \*

(Parody on "The Song of the Shirt," with apologies to  
Tom Hood.)

O'er books all tattered and torn, on a propped-up  
rickety chair,

The swotter sat in his "home from home"

With a look as of *mal-de-mer*.

Work! work! work! in weather both cold and hot;

And always in tune both rhythmic and grand

He sang "The Song of the Swot."

"Work! work! work! as soon as the day draws nigh;

And work—work—work, till the stars shine in the  
sky.

Oh! how I like my *Thring*,

And how I love my *Rose*;

I wouldn't sell the thing,

I don't care if it snows.

"Swot! swot! swot! till my brain begins to whirl;

And swot—swot—swot, till I lose my only curl.

*Thring* and *Barrell* and *James*, *James* and *Barrell* and

*Thring*,

Till over the *Barrell* my brain gives way,

And I ask 'Whence came this thing?'

Oh, *James*! oh, *Thring*! oh, *Rose*!

Oh, *Barrell*! *Hall* and *Knight*!

You heal me of my woes,

You make my wrong things right.

"Work—work—work, from morn to dewy eve,

Work, work, work, I cannot bear to leave.

*Thring* and *Barrell* and *Rose*, *Rose* and *Barrell* and

*Thring*.

Till I tire of them at last, and feel I've had my fling.

Work—work—work, in the dull December light,

And work—work—work, when the weather is warm  
and bright;

And in my dreams its memories e'en do cling,

And then I see *Frank Barrell* chasing *Thring*.

"Yet but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and  
 primrose sweet,  
 With the sky above my head, and the grass beneath  
 my feet,  
 For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel  
 Before I fell a prey to swot, and taught my brain to  
 reel,  
 Oh, but for one short hour! I'd do the 'upward  
 jump!'  
 No work to do for one whole hour,  
 'Twould drive me off my chump.  
 A little pleasure would ease my brain, but frolic I  
 must not,  
 'Cause if I did—well, don't you see?  
 I couldn't play and swot."

O'er books all tattered and torn, on a propped-up  
 rickety chair,  
 The swotter sat in his "home from home"  
 With a look as of *mal-de-mer*.  
 Work! work! work! in weather both cold and hot,  
 And always in tune, both rhythmic and grand,  
 He sang "The Song of the Swot."

W. P.

## HARTLEY BISCUITS. ❧ ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
 And, faith, he'll prent it"  
*Burns, "On Captain Grose."*

*For saying:—*

"The most important bone in a man's body  
 is not a bone at all,"

Mr. Dudley takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"Suppose a man weighs 75 kilometres,"

Mr. Dudley takes e'en a second biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"Being sold is a counter process to selling,"

Mr. Crawford takes the biscuit.



*For saying:—*

"On Friday next we shall begin to commence at the beginning,"

Miss Cussans takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

This statement *sounds* staggering at first sight,"

Prof. Lyttel takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"I've had a great deal of experience with men,"

Miss Stead takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"He delivered the lesson in one monotonous tone which he didn't vary,"

Mr. J. G. Marshall takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"Man's platform is the loaded dinner table,"

Miss Stead takes another biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"I'm a militant suffragette,"

Miss Bull takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"I have great pleasure in supporting Miss Cussans,"

Mr. James takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"The *drink* has *gone down* more than ever in New Zealand since women had votes,"

Miss Stead takes yet another biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"This bone has a *stationary movement*,"

Sergeant Collins takes the biscuit.

*For translating:—*

"Il a vingt cinq mille livres de *rente*," by "He has twenty-five thousand *rent-books*,"

A budding linguist at Hartley takes the biscuit.

*For saying:—*

"Underneath, somewhere on the top,"

Mr. Harvey takes the biscuit.

# WISEMAN'S, LIMITED,

DEALERS IN

## All Kinds of Artists' Materials

BY THE BEST MAKERS

**AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.**

---

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Boxes from One Shilling to Six Guineas.

DRAWING BOARDS AND PAPERS.

SQUARES, CURVES, CANVASSES.

STUDENTS' BOXES OF OIL COLOURS from 2/6.

WATER COLOURS from 10½d.

---

**FINE ART GALLERIES, ABOVE BAR.**

---

# BOOKS!

On all subjects including Educational,  
Technical, Scientific, Literary, Medical,  
Commercial, etc., etc.

Send for Catalogues—Post Free—and state wants.

## Second-Hand at Half-Prices!

**NEW at 25 per cent. discount.**

Thousands of New and Second-Hand Volumes suitable for Libraries.

---

Books purchased, best prices given. Books sent on approval.

**W. & G. Foyle** 135, Charing Cross Rd.,  
LONDON, W.C.



**W. L. PARKHOUSE,**  
**JEWELLER,**  
**10, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.**

**SOUVENIR  
 SPOONS.**

**ARTISTIC  
 JEWELLERY.**

**SILVER GOODS  
 FOR  
 PRESENTATION.**

**WATCH  
 WRISTLETS  
 FROM 10s.**

**ENGRAVING.**

**WATCHES AND  
 JEWELLERY  
 REPAIRED ON  
 THE  
 PREMISES.**

Telephone 24Y1.

**H. E. SEXTON,**

**93, HIGH ST., SOUTHAMPTON,**

**Baker, Pastrycook & Confectioner**

**Families waited on Daily.**

**COMFORTABLE  
 ROOM.**

**CHARGES STRICTLY  
 MODERATE.**

**All Goods made under most  
 — Sanitary Conditions. —**



*For saying :—*

"Let the *jaw* take its full course,"

Mr. Jacobs takes a biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"You quoted something you did not say,"

Mr. Raymond takes a biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"There is no fun in ending the word "*rest*,"

Mr. Leake takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"If you're *not* here, don't say *no*,"

The same gentleman takes a second biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"*Hanging* seems all right to us because we are used to it,"

Mr. Raymond takes another biscuit.

*The person who placed a notice in the Women's Corridor, reading :—*

"Lost, several Gentlemen's *coiffures*,"

Secures a biscuit.

*For his translation in a Latin lecture :—*

"The horse with windy breast luxuriates on couches,"

Mr. Thomas earns a biscuit.

*For his remark at a Sci. Soc. lecture that :—*

"We shall go away with a clear conception of some things we can never understand."

Mr. Freeman takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"I could, if I chose, use as *strong* language as anyone,"

Mr. Crawford takes the biscuit.

*For saying, in a Hygiene Lecture :—*

"When the skin gets cut the germs of the air have a pitched battle with the corpuscles of the blood. It is a terrible fight, and at last the *germs rush in and score a try*,"

Mr. Dudley takes a third biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"At last the worm turned and started to run,"

The same gentleman takes the cake.

## THREE MEN IN A TENT.

\* \* \*

EXACTLY a week before, all three of us were marching, sun-beaten, heavily laden, sorefooted, fed-up, into Wooll Station, and the bitter memories of a fortnight's "hard" work were ripest. Now, however, we were arriving at a small village skirting the meadows which form the western border of the Southampton Water. The same sun gleamed, and as we pitched our canvas home we were filled with sweet anticipations of a fortnight's ease. The tent up, we sat and watched the delightful view. Wide meadows separated us from the water, and the pretty Ashlet creek flowed by our field, thro' the mill, then washed the village Hard, and, widening and winding, crept into the Southampton Water. It was magnificent. We sat and simply drank it in.

I know not how long we sat and drank, but I do know that such drinking alone was not enough to satisfy the propensities of empty stomachs, so we forthwith wandered into the village inn, fifty yards or so away, and then gorged at bread and cheese and cold ginger-beer. I shall never forget this inn (as you will believe later). We little thought that the short-bearded, smiling old man who served us—"Jasper," as we called him—was to be our genial host, or that his spotless, old-fashioned room with stone floor, low oak ceiling, and age-worn stools was to be the scene of side-splitting humour and of fierce debate.

I think I ought to say something about the three of us. The first was the "Boss" (so called because his efforts entirely took us camping). The second was the "Cook"—or "Cookie." I call the second the "Cook" more because he had the appearance of an unwashed galley-boy than because he knew the tricks of the art. He was the subject of my great complaint—a slovenly object, always in the same flapping loose sweater, tucked at the sleeves, reefed at the sides. I know that the simple life does make one careless, but "Cookie" struck the ridiculous, and in the one attire cooked, dined, and conversed with the village *belle*. Before you have finished this, your picture of me will need no supplement, for I was as big an ass as "Cook" was.

The afternoon of the 5th of August broke in wet and dull, and our hopes began to fade, but teatime saw us happy again under a more promising sky. That evening we walked across the grassy meadows and beheld a gorgeous sunset. Our

feelings ran high. "Cookie" stood rapt. "See!" he would exclaim in thunder tone, "See what lovely colours blend in yon crystal creek!" We stuck this for a bit. "Ha! glorious mirror," etc., he went on, until we threatened him with slaughter. Then, for a change, I suppose, he babbled snatches of poetry. The nearest quotation to meet his emotions was, "*Tell me not in mournful numbers,*" etc. It is curious that such strange mixtures exist. We then trooped into the village, ordered provisions for Sunday, and called in at the inn on our way back. I *must* dwell on the events of this evening.

On the tables glimmered clean oil lamps whose light, piercing an atmosphere of smoke, lit up the faces of some fifteen or twenty cheerful rustics, each with his pipe and tankard of ale. The budding youngster with his clay and small glass, acquiring experience in ale-house etiquette, sat side by side with the old hardened sweats, who, with twinkling eyes, drank healths to all. It happened that they were holding a "smoker." When we appeared an item had just concluded. For my own part I felt somewhat uneasy. The chairman of the gathering—a huge, but youthful native—stood up. He looked us up and down, and then, sparkling apparently with some inspiration, said, "Gen'llemen, as chairm'n of this merry party, I call upon—upon—er—that gen'lleman to sing;" then pointed at me. I now felt confoundedly awkward, but, realising their good spirit, I trotted out that mournful, worn-out ditty which has been heard at the Coll. smokers with lamentable regularity. But it went down, and not once did the lusty chorus become "solemn, mournfull and slow." The "Boss" had a go, and warbled a barrack room incident. I am sorry I cannot give the details of this song—it might lead to complications and "late orders." The "Cookie's" turn now came. After faint protestations he agreed to oblige the company. Then followed moments of deep deliberation, during which the party sat with anxious wonderment and stifled interest. Smiling at the natives, and summoning a deep breath, "Cookie" sang "*The Barley Mow*" in a deep stentorian voice which fairly shook the rafters and made our poor old Jaspar greatly apprehensive as to the safety of his crocks and glasses. We were now sitting among them, and they entertained us with that genuine hospitality peculiar only to country people. The next item was given by a young fisherman of great bulk, bronze face, leather neck, brawny arms, and spade-like hands. Putting down his pipe, oiling his vocal organs by one long quaff, he sang his song. I expected a gale, but "Jim" (as he was called) sang in subdued, sympathetic tones of the pining maiden who wished

she were a blackbird that she might whistle and sing and follow the vessel her true-love sailed in. The assembly clapped their hands in solemn approbation. From sentimental to patriotic the feelings turned, and a grey, wrinkled, and enfeebled old man, with a voice that "piped and whistled in its sound," sang a song of patriotism. I shall never forget that evening; would that there had been a Sir Walter Scott there to reproduce it.

After supper we met outside the tent arranging orderly duties and arguing as to seniority. It became habitual to sit thus after supper each night. Until twelve o'clock we smoked and yarned and watched the lights moving down the river. Many a troubled dispute arose as to the precise number of lights—all three of us differing in our estimate.

Each day was full of activity. The Boss, poor beggar, had to leave at 6.30 and tramp to Hythe to catch his boat, but the Cook and I, with our three months' holiday, spent the day in ease. Distance swimming we indulged in (we did once do a hundred yards, I think,) until dinner-time. That was the time! Mutton chops, steak, pork chops, bacon, spuds, beans, etc., were all subjected to our culinary skill and a smoky, feeble fire. We took turns at this game. When Cookie was cooking I laid the table, and *vice versa*. But we mutually agreed that the table-layer should keep at least fifty yards from the cook, and even though the meat was in the fire and not in the pan not a word was to be said. We often ate in solemn silence, but there were occasions when we smacked our lips at the black greasy dainties which we shut our eyes and ate.

We struck a slice of luck one day. Jim, afore-mentioned, told us that we could use his light rowing boat. He took us to the hard, pointed to something, said "There she is," and left us. Four of us for half an hour struggled desperately to get the "light rowing boat" off the mud (for the tide was low). So light was it that three could clamber in at one side simultaneously without adding more water to her than our drippings. Morn and afternoon we would row down the creek, anchor at the junction with the Southampton Water, have daily our numerous dips, lie down in bathing togs, rock with the gentle motion of the boat, put the pipes on, and bask in the glorious sun of that lovely summer. Then, indeed, we felt at peace with the world.

I think it was about the fourth night when we were awakened from our slumbers by noises outside. None knew exactly the nature of the disturbance, yet with feverish has

we lit the candle and, armed with boots and tins, stalked on tip-toe to the door of the tent, which we always left open. The Boss thrust the candle outside the tent, and we all peered forth. Suddenly the Boss, uttering some literary anathema, blew the candle out and turned back into the tent, we following. The silence was broken by the Boss, who after attempts to curve his body in order to dodge the bumps, muttered something about a "bloomin' donkey." It was a good job I didn't catch the rest.

Our good resolutions of turning out at 5 o'clock sadly vanished after such midnight interruptions. The very next night the Boss sounded the alarm—noises in the cook-house. After a cautious united stalk we reached the spot, and the Boss, poking about among the provisions, bawled out "Hedgehog!" introducing the ejaculation by other language appropriate to the occasion. It was fortunate that the Boss's anger was diverted. He suggested keeping it as a "mascot," and then told us that he would make it show a turn of speed. Ordering quiet, he lay down and began to tickle it. Cookie and I stood half asleep, nodding and blinking, and still the thing refused to gallop. I have no recollection of what followed—I think I slept upright that night.

I have already spoken of some of the Cook's peculiarities. Well, he had others, each with a maximum of annoyance. He was always singing. Oh, the times we implored him to stop it! He sang to the fire (and wondered why it wouldn't wake); he sang to his meals; he went to bed with "*Excelsior*" and woke up with "*I hear you calling me.*" A native with a voice similar in sound to the noise made by tearing a carpet swore that Cookie must be hoarse. And when he never sang he argued. For hours we thrashed a point—and one another (metaphorically).

About 6 o'clock one morning we were turned out to assist in pushing a motor boat off the mud. For our gallant efforts the owner offered us the loan of a light sailing boat—a proper "cutter." We rowed her up to the end of the creek. Then, Cookie at the ropes, I at the helm, we commenced our sail. But we got no further than the muddy bank. Time after time we pushed off, only to be blown back again by the wind. Then we lost a rowlock. That finished it. I swore Cookie knew nothing about the sails; he swore that I couldn't see straight. We swapped jobs—but with a horrible result. Foaming almost, Cookie uttered prayers for my imbecility.

We changed our jobs again. Thinking that I was in our rowing boat, I walked along the side of her—and I fell in. I would

have willingly drowned Cookie with half a chance. "Hang hold of the jib; shove up the tops'l!" he bawled. I didn't know what he was talking about, and kept on altering the rudder. Then Cookie dropped his shoe overboard and fell in after it. We moored the boat, tramped in our wet clothes to the tent, each thinking the other had the worst, and spent the rest of the day in silence—except when the "cook-house" went and we fell once more to lofty expression. It was good for us that the Boss was about, for we might not have survived the tale.

Had I space I would let you into the Cook's dealings with Cupid. For my life's sake I must not breathe a word. I would like, too, to say a word or two about a moneyed Yankee and a Secret Service agent, with each of whom we became very chummy.

The saddest hour of all, perhaps, was tent-striking and packing up. The spot had now a strong attraction for us which made departure an almost tearful duty. But with heavy sighs we caught the last glimpse of the dear old field, the mill, the boat-house, the inn, the waving hands, and, towering above all, the little village church, whose bell, as it tolled the hour of service, wished us God-speed.

SCRIBE.

### "OWED TO PAWTSMIFF,"

▼   ▼   ▼

Fair town, whose wonders make us yearn  
 In thee to live, in thee to die;  
 With lightened hearts to thee we turn  
 As "Christmas Vac." once more comes nigh.

Thy sons are valiant men and strong  
 Upholders all of thy fair name;  
 Thy praise they sing full loud and long  
 Old Pompey's joys, old Pompey's fame.

Where in this place are we to find  
 The solace thou art wont to give?  
 This town is fifty years behind,  
 The people here too tired to live.

That gorgeous "prom." the Western Shore  
 Our love from thee fails to ensnare;  
 We only yearn yet more and more  
 To see again thy beauties fair.

We've searched this place right through and through,  
 The parks and streets and alleys all;  
 And yet, for all that we can do  
 We haven't found So'ton's Town Hall.

How is it that, when forced to stand  
 Inside a car, with bowler dight,  
 I, though my stature isn't "*gvand*,"  
 Can never really stand upright.

In this drear place we seem to find  
 But one bright spot, the H.U.C.;  
 So, Pompey, leaving all behind  
 We come again to home, and thee.

120.

## SCHOOL BOY HUMOUR.

\* \* \*



The compiler of these few blunders left College last term, and has had half a term's experience of teaching in a preparatory school. Teaching being quite a new experience to him, he has found it extremely interesting, and the following specimens of the school boy's art have added to the humour which he imagines to be inseparable from a teacher's life.

The class was discussing where Grimsby got ice to preserve its fish. After dealing with Norway, one boy asked, "Please sir, don't they make ice in England?" Another boy immediately shouted out in triumphant tones, "yes sir, they make it at the *isolation* places, don't they?"

"What is the chief river fish?" Was the question asked—"Please sir, the shark," was the reply.

A history paper contained the following sentence—"Sir Walter Raleigh was the first man to sail round the world on a drake."

I was correcting the reproduction of a story and came across this sentence.—Louis XIV. was afterwards very rich. She was richer still when she was presented with a huge fruigel (meaning frugal, I suppose) beate-route.

The General Knowledge paper usually contains a few rather funny answers. For example, "What is the Veto Bill?"—"A man, what cures dogs." [The member for Hartley would probably indignantly repudiate that statement.] "Who was Raphael?"—"A Gentleman burglar."

The following is an actual answer paper to some questions on History. It is quite a masterpiece in its way, and it is a great pity that we cannot give an actual reproduction of the manuscript. It will suffice, however, if we say that the writing and general style are in strict keeping with the orthography and historical information here exhibited. It is only with some difficulty that we have been able to decipher each letter, and produce a copy which the printer could understand.

3 Clarce.

Smith 11.

1. the contry was very nonchacklick<sup>1</sup>
3. the inglish sor that ther wos o lot of gold goen to spain and eliloth<sup>2</sup> stold a lot.
6. bcorse mery tride to get to the throne.
7. sir walter ruleigh wos a grate help in the spanish armarder.
9. crek bishop crammere<sup>3</sup> wos acrate writer.

1. The only word we can imagine this to represent is "*nonchalant*." There is an erased *nar-* in the MS.

2. This word is intended to represent Queen Elizabeth.

3. The reader will perhaps be able to see that this is meant for Archbishop Cranmer. Curiously enough we have an erased *arch-* in the MS., as the commencement of the first word.

N.B.—Any reader who entertaines any doubt upon the accuracy of our rendering may examine the MS. for himself on application to the Sub-Editor.

—:o:—

HARTLEY STUDENT IN "BATT'S": Have you a "*Virgimibus Puerisque*?"—

BATT'S BOY: An *Elizabethan Conspiracy*, Sir?



# A College Incident.

With much gesticulation and many threats the students were informed by the Professor of Physical Instruction that a certain bone could move upwards and downwards. After this appeared to be driven home there were sundry further gymnastics on the part of the Professor, by which he made it clear that "this bone also moves in this and in that direction; it can move also to the right and to the left." This phase of the lecture being accomplished, the lecturer subsided into a joyful state of self-satisfaction. Suddenly, however, a voice from the gallery exclaimed, "Why don't you say in *every* direction and have done with it?"—Utter collapse of the Professor.

## UNTHINKABLES. ❧ ❧

+ + +

If there were complete silence at Sci. Soc. lectures!

—

If Neddy should have a new pipe!

—

If the Library should become a den of *cliques*!

—

If the M.C.R., were open all the morning!

—

If the Coll were without Pompeyites!

—

If the boots in the M.C.R., should be left *quite* alone during a soirée!

—

If Mr. Pr---e should spend a day without "*cut for six*" and "*hard pig*!"

—

If Mr. D-n-ls should come to the Common Room!

—

If the Ladies' Physical Culture Club had no President!

IF the "*Studio*" was not included among the Library periodicals.

---

IF everyone refused to bring Postal Orders!

---

IF Mr. St-l-y had been present at the Welcome Smoker!

---

That Dr. Wynne Jones should ask the *Calf* the meaning of the word "*cud*."

---

That Sergeant Collins should say "*arms upward bend!*" on parade.

---

If second year students should remember to bring their music books to Col.

---

That stamping, to show applause, should be resorted to during General Method lectures.

---

If the *northerners* were not so enthusiastic.

---

If Mr. Hargreaves should forget to mention "*Tariff Reform*" at debates.

---

That the Juniors can ever withstand the evil influence of the Seniors!!!

---

That the Seniors should ever learn phonetics.

## THOUGHTS AT SUNRISE.

\* \* \*

Far in the east where night gives way  
 A little streak of red announces day.  
 Another day upon its course to run,  
 To sink to rest with all its duties done.  
 A glorious jewel all sparkling with delight,  
 A wasted day as deep and dark as night.  
 A day of love all golden with its rays,  
 A time of sorrow, darkest of dark days.  
 A holy angel bringing peace for aye,  
 A demon hastening hopes to bear away.  
 This day for one the knell of hope may ring,  
 And for another love and joy may bring.  
 Grant that however it for me may run  
 At eventide my best I may have done.

W. D.

## A CAMP AT ABOUKIR.

\* \* \*

It was the month of Ramadan, when all devout Mohammedans must fast from dawn to sunset; or, using the more accurate and picturesque phraseology of the Koran, they must fast as long as daylight enables them to distinguish a white thread from a black one.

We, however, stationed at the time in the land of the Pharaohs, were not bound to such restrictions of conduct, and therefore did not scruple to make full use of the holidays, which on account of Ramadan fell due to us.

Weeks beforehand, six of us formed a plan to visit Jerusalem; but owing to a furious epidemic of plague, which carried off two hundred Medina pilgrims daily, we should have had to undergo three days' quarantine on the way to Jerusalem, and three days' on the way back;—altogether six days of our precious holiday spent on board an Italian steamer as co-diggers with rats. We decided to go camping instead.

Such small details as the buying of provisions and the choosing of the site we left to A., for he possessed the necessary qualifications to act as leader, namely, an ability to express every shade of meaning in Arabic and a fairly good knowledge of the country. He decided on the Aboukir district, close to where Nelson won the battle of the Nile.

We left Sidi Gaper railway station with provisions and a fine tent kindly lent to us for the occasion by an officer of the Yorkshire Regiment.

On arrival at Aboukir station we took our baggages from the train and deposited them on the backs of the donkeys which A. had hired to convey us to our camping ground, about two miles distant. We pitched our tent on the beach, distant about twenty yards from the blue waters of the Mediterranean and within an equal distance from a grove of palm trees. It was then decided who should be "on duty" on the next day. Each one had to take his turn, and as "duty" included making the fire, cooking, and washing up, as well as sleeping next to the entrance, it was no sinecure job as the following plan will show:—

5.30 a.m. A Bedouin Arab taps the sleeper lightly with a stick. The stick is used in order to avoid touching the sleeping unbeliever. For these Bedouins of the desert comport themselves with a dignity entirely foreign to the Arabs of the towns, who often accost Englishmen by offering "to kiss their lily white hands."

The Arab has a skin full of fresh water and a little sack of newly laid eggs. Our half-awakened friend puts the water in an earthen vessel, buried in the sand to keep the water cool, and pours the contents of the sack on the sand. The Arab, after receiving his *piastres*, goes his way. Our friend then proceeds to make a cup of cocoa for each man.

At 6 a.m. he sounds the *réveille* by firing a Colt's revolver, and hoists the Union Jack. Soon after drinking our cocoa we take our first swim of the day, and return for our breakfast of coffee, eggs, ham, and marmalade.

The washing up was done by means of sand and salt water; and if circumstances allowed us fresh water to complete the process, well and good. If not, also well and good.

About 11 a.m. we were ready for our second bathe. This was generally a water polo match.

Afterwards it would be necessary to prepare the mid-day dinner. After dinner the heat being intense, we stayed indoors for cards until tea time.

About 6 p.m. we took our evening dip. Our supper was early, and not long afterwards we were all fast asleep. One night some of us woke up owing to weird screams inside the tent and by something running over and around us. We struck a light and saw what appeared to be a huge cat in the

act of making off. As we had buried the "walls" of the tent in sand to shelter us from a hurricane which was blowing, the animal could not find a way out until we had struck a match. By this time A. himself was awake and gave us a lecture for imagining silly things and told us to understand there was no cat within miles of us. He probably changed his opinion next morning on seeing the havoc done to our provisions. A. was a jingo. One afternoon we saw some Arabs putting up a magnificent tent about a 100 yards distant. About 7 p.m., after we had taken our dip, a sail hove in sight, bearing straight towards us, and presently a yacht load of Germans were disembarked. They seemed very jolly and were singing "Kommerslieder." But A.'s sharp words of command rang out. We were to hoist the Union Jack and fire off our revolvers. The singing stopped, but the Sons of the Fatherland reached their tent in safety. Whether they had any rest that night before 2 a.m. is, however, doubtful, owing to a patriotic concert in our tent which A. arranged. We lost their company on the next day as they had only come for one night; but A. claims the credit for this, and maintains that no one would take the trouble to pitch a tent for a single night. Two days later we also left. And this historic site was left to the few Bedouins, who are its rightful inheritors.



## ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS (by Herr Flupps).

\* \* \*

Beneathe  
thys slab of concrete  
Reste ye remaines  
of

**Antonio Nicola**

sometymes affectionately yclept  
Olde Nicke.

Hee first saw ye lighte in  
Anno Domini (time immemorial).  
Hee became ye Chiefe Custodian  
of  
all ye lytel Offis boys  
at

**'ARTLEY 'ALL.**

Whyche seate hee helde until  
Anno Domini (Recently).

Hee was "agin doing ye worke"  
so hys advancement  
was rapide.

Hee drewe ye comfortable salarie  
of

ninepence a weeke  
Withe nothings particular to do  
(and all ye daye to do it).

In ye College Slogging Matches  
hee helde ye watch  
(and anythings else hee coulde lay handes on)

Hee provided ye sloggers withe  
Ginger-Poppe  
and bandages for ye discolored orbes.

Hee was invariably to be founde (excepte when wanted)  
outside ye sanctum of

ye  
learned doctor.

At

other tymes  
hee was to be founde in ye cellars  
looking for Guye Fawkes.  
Havyng akcepted  
an

Offyce of Profyt  
 (for more of ye spondulicks)  
 hee threw offe ye  
 duste  
 of  
 'Artley 'All  
 and  
 'opped it.

---

Stranger mourne for poor olde Nicke  
 Hys charmes you could not smother.  
 He's gone away to warmer clymies  
 In fact, he's wyth his brother.

---

## AN UNAPPRECIATED SUPERMAN.

+ + +

LLEWELLYN AP GRIFFITHS PRICE, from Wales, where Lloyd George comes from, was a fresher, and looked it. He had, for example, the typical fresher's habit of keeping his mouth open, thereby assisting the resemblance to an unfledged nestling. The shape of his face was that of an equilateral triangle with its base vertical. Rude boys in the street would ask him if he had left his chin at home. In character he was, as the newspapers would say, of a retiring disposition. He was a man of few friends and few words. There is a silence that comes from modesty, and a silence that comes from self-conceit. Llewellyn's silence was not of the former variety. Once he had read a novel of Seton Merri-man's, and ever since had considered himself "a strong, silent man."

This was not his sole conquest in the field of modern English literature. On a short holiday to London he had visited a theatre and seen Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." In the Welsh chapels play-going is grouped with card-playing as a sign of a lost soul; so this was the first play Llewellyn had ever seen, and naturally it made a strong impression on him. He bought a paper-covered sixpenny edition of *Man and Superman* which was issued shortly afterwards, regarded its theories as the dogmas of a new religion, and, in short, became a confirmed Shavian. The first question to a new acquaintance was, "How do you like Bernard Shaw's plays?"

At the Hartley he found that this question elicited few satisfactory replies. The first man he put it to was very unresponsive, and listened in simmering protest to Llewellyn's *resumé* of *Man and Superman*. "Ah, my boy," he then broke in, "I'll tell you a stunning novel you ought to read, and that's Harrison Ainsworth's *Old St. Paul's*. Perfect corker. The last chapters, where Chowder is caught in a river of molten lead, quite make your flesh creep, and that's what I like in a novel." A prominent footballer to whom Llewellyn bleated something about Shaw thought he was talking of the Queen's Park Rangers' goalie.

Answers such as these led Llewellyn to the conviction that he was alone in the College in his knowledge and appreciation of the greatest English dramatist. Thence he evolved the following syllogism—apologies to the Professor of Logic if this is the wrong technical term.

1. The Hartley students know nothing about Bernard Shaw. They are men.

2. I know everything about Bernard Shaw. So I am more than a man. I must be a Superman.

3. And therefore—this conclusion flashed upon him as he was ruminating in bed one morning—all the girls must be in love with me.

In his barbaric home among the Welsh mountains Llewellyn had originally held the primeval belief which the old king expresses in Tennyson's *Princess* :—

"Man is the hunter; woman is the game."

In those days he set out for the chase armed in gorgeous half-hose and a tie to match. But having read *Man and Superman* he now knew better. He knew that Woman is really the hunter and Man the hunted, although with diabolical cunning she contrives, while winding her fatal embraces round him, to delude him into the belief that he is the victor and she the victim. So Llewellyn set out not to conquer, but to be conquered. He did not mean to make much of a struggle.

Such is the innate vanity of man that the sight of his features in the mirror did not even for a moment shake his belief in his own Supermannishness.

At College that morning he contrived to reach a class-room by a devious path *via* the Women's Corridor. It surprised him that his appearance there created no flutter of excitement. No longing glances were thrown after him; he saw



# BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

Over 500 Branches.  
DEPARTMENTS:

Chemists —  
Toilet —  
Photographic  
Stationery —  
Silver —  
Fancy —  
Library —  
Framing —



Local Address:

25, ABOVE BAR,

ALSO AT

75, East Street,

96, St. Mary Street,

107, Shirley Road,

29, London Road,

155, Bevois Hill,

} Southampton.

Head Office:  
NOTTINGHAM.

JESSE BOOT,  
Managing Director.

---

Telephone 914.

Established 1881.

## OLD & SON,

19, ABOVE BAR,

Wholesale and Retail

Tobacconists and Cigarette Manufacturers.

---

✕ LARGEST STOCK OF BEST MAKERS' ✕  
SPECIALITIES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

---

Agents for LEOWÉ & G.B.D. BRIARS.

# GEORGE PHILLIPS & Co.

Stationers, Ironmongers, and  
Fancy Warehousemen . . . .

12, HIGH ST., & 120, 121, & 122, EAST ST.,  
SOUTHAMPTON.

TELEPHONE NO. 6X.

---

AN . . . .

## Endless variety of Useful & Fancy Articles

*Suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Presentation.*

---

## PLAIN, FANCY & COMMERCIAL STATIONERY.

---

*NOTE PAPER STAMPED coloured Relief or PRINTED Address  
at Lowest Prices.*

*Stationery Purchased from G.P. & Co. will be Stamped in Plain  
Relief, FREE OF CHARGE from Customers' own Dies.*

---

### Visiting, Invitation, & Wedding Cards Printed.

---

THE BAR PEN, 4½d. per Box of Two Dozen.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN, from 10s. 6d.

THE QUEEN FOUNTAIN PEN, from 8/6.

THE PICCOLO, 2/-; THE INDEPENDENT, 3/6; RED DWARF, 3/9; and  
other STYLOGRAPHIC FOUNTAIN PENS, from 1/3.

---

POST CARD, STAMP, SCRAP, and WRITING ALBUMS in great variety.

Travelling and Safety Inks in Leather, &c., 4½d. to 3s. 6d..

Nature Study and Exercise Books, Foolscap, Manuscript, Blotting and other Papers, Drawing  
and Sketch Books, Pens, Pencils, India Rubber, Elastic Bands, &c.

---

## MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS IN SETS.

---

*OUT-DOOR and IN-DOOR GAMES IN GREAT VARIETY.*

not a single glad eye. One stately figure gave him a stern look which plainly said, "And what do *you* want here?" In the evening he attended a College *soirée*. He could not dance, and—strange thing for a Superman—he felt a certain sinking of heart at the idea of going to speak to a woman student. So he spent most of the evening in the midst of a forlorn and uncomfortable group of young men who congregated near the door and looked on. Towards the close of the evening a polka was announced, and Llewellyn plucked up all his courage to make a frenzied dash to where Miss Belinda Blinders sat in all her charms. In the excitement of the moment he quite forgot the polite and dignified form of request that he had been conning for the last ten minutes.

"Dance?" he blurted out.

"Thank you," replied Belinda, "I am already engaged."

The Superman retired pink and crestfallen.

Next day, by some lucky chance, he met Belinda at the entrance to the Botany Lab., a place absolutely designed for flirtation. This time Llewellyn rose nobly to his opportunity.

"Er—it's a lovely day," he murmured. As a matter of fact it was raining hard.

Belinda gave him a look of astonishment, and at first seemed about to pass on without response. Our hero's heart sank to his boots. Then she stopped, looked at him, and smiled. For this is the same Belinda whose earlier adventures are recorded in a previous number. She was now a Second-year Woman, and therefore experienced in all sorts of wickedness.

"Don't you know," she said, "that it's very wrong of you to talk to me without having been properly introduced. Besides, one of the staff may see us."

Llewellyn's blush became more vivid. "I hope you don't mind," he stammered.

Belinda hesitated. "No, I don't mind," she said. How Llewellyn afterwards remembered and treasured these words. "But if we're going to talk we must have some good excuse ready, for fear we're caught."

"Say we're talking about work," suggested Llewellyn.

"No good," said Belinda. "Something more original. Do you know many of the second-year men? No? Then perhaps you don't know my brother? His name's Arthur,

and I believe the other men call him Artie. Do you know by sight anyone called Artie?"

"Oh, yes," replied Llewellyn, "one of the football team. I didn't know his last name, or that he was your brother."

"That's him," said grammarless Belinda. "Now, supposing I were to give you a note to take to him, wouldn't that be a good excuse?"

"Why not put it on the Radiator?" asked the rather puzzled Superman.

"They might see me—I mean—why, you silly boy, don't you see it's only an excuse."

Delight beamed from Llewellyn's visage. She had called him a silly boy! Belinda, after choking down what seemed to be a troublesome cough, hastily scrawled a message on a slip of paper and folded this up.

"You know," she said virtuously, "though this is only an excuse, I can't have you telling lies."

"Of course not," said the lovesick swain. He would have agreed with anything she said now.

"So," went on Belinda, "you must really take this to my brother. And, of course, you must not read it."

Llewellyn seemed shocked at the bare suggestion. "Of course I won't," he said.

There was a pause.

"I say," said Llewellyn, "have you read Bernard Shaw's plays?"

"There's the door of Room 1 opening," said Belinda, hastily. "Here's the note to my brother." And she ran away down the stairs, pushing her handkerchief into her mouth as she ran.

Llewellyn, now in that blessed country known as the seventh heaven of delight—for was he not being hunted by a girl?—hied with all speed towards the Men's Common Room, and found Belinda's brother putting on his overcoat in the corridor.

"I say," he cried, "I've got a note for you."

"The devil you have," said Belinda's brother.

"From your sister," added the breathless Llewellyn.

Belinda's brother looked puzzled, but said nothing until he had read the note. Then he smiled broadly.

"So many thanks," he said, "it's very good of you to bring my sister's message." And he went away hastily amid a series of loud chuckles.

Next day Llewellyn haunted the entrance of the Botany Lab. until Belinda appeared.

"I've got the note ready written," she said. "Isn't it a capital excuse?"

"Rather," said Llewellyn, "and—er—I say—" He had lain awake half the night excogitating fine things to say to her, but she didn't give him a chance to do so.

"Remember not to let anyone see you give my brother this," she went on. "It would look silly. Ta ta, just now." And away she ran.

Belinda's brother this time received and read the note with all due gravity. Then he regarded Llewellyn with the severe look which a brother usually bestows upon his sister's sweetheart.

"Do you know," he said, "I think my sister's getting rather fond of you."

Llewellyn walked home to his digs. almost in a trance with joy. He collided violently with a policeman, who called him a silly idiot, and would he look where he was going? "Poor soulless brute, he knows not what is love," said Llewellyn to himself. His thoughts, you see, fell naturally into blank verse.

For several days Belinda continued to give him notes to her brother. Llewellyn found that this tended to be not merely the "excuse," but also the sum total of their intercourse. He either forgot or didn't get the chance to say his carefully prepared compliments. When he did relieve his breast of one it sounded foolish, and Belinda laughed. But at last his opportunity came. One day Belinda had not the note ready.

"Bother," she said, "I've forgotten to write our excuse," and she hastily tore a page out of a notebook.

"I say," began Llewellyn.

"I haven't read any of Bernard Shaw's plays," said Belinda, with only apparent inconsequence.

"It isn't that. But—I say—can I call you Belinda?"

Belinda looked at him gravely. "Not quite yet," she said. "Perhaps in a month or two."—Llewellyn's hopes rose again.

"I should love to be your knight errant," he continued.

"What's that?" asked Belinda.

"Why, one who fights for you, and does all that sort of thing," explained Llewellyn.

"That's very nice of you," she replied.

Emboldened, Llewellyn proceeded to another of his stock of compliments. "To me you are like a star in the heavens."

Belinda folded up her note. "Why?" she asked. "Do I twinkle?"

The rapturous youth felt a blush of discomfort on his face. "I mean—you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen."

Belinda looked at him with a gentler light in her eyes than he had ever seen there before. She drew back the note she was about to hand him, and seemed a little shamefaced. But just at that moment the door of Room 1 really opened.

"There's the note," said Belinda, and hurriedly left him.

Llewellyn went in search of her brother, but could find him in neither the corridor nor the Common Room. He met Lawson, a second-year man, who hailed from the precincts of Whitechapel, and whom he knew slightly.

"Have you seen Blinders anywhere?" he asked.

"Blinders?" replied Lawson, who's 'e? You don't mean the fair Belinda?"

Llewellyn blushed. "No, her brother, Artie Blinders, you know, the inside-right."

"Somebody's been a kiddin' you," replied Lawson, "Belinda ain't got a brother here. You surely mean Artie Manson. 'E aint her brother, e's her young man."

The World suddenly grew dark to Llewellyn, "Her young man!" he gasped.

"They used to be always flirtin' about the plice," went on Lawson. At last they were both warned by the Senate. So they don't talk in the Coll. now. They meet outside instead. Met them myself at the other end of the Common last evening. Funny thing too, they were talking about Bernard Shaw. I sy, wot's up?"

Belinda's Knight errant fled from him, black rage in his heart. He was back in his digs before he remembered the note. He unfolded and read it. "Dear Artie," it ran. "The

same time and place to-night after all. I wish you could shake Bernard Shaw for me. He wants to call me Belinda and says I'm a twinkling star. Love. Belinda."

Llewellyn no longer considers himself a Superman. But he is a determined Misogynist and a vehement opponent of Women's Suffrage.

# A WINTER'S MORN.    x    x

•   •   •

Slowly, feebly, reluctantly,  
     The sun's disc merges from repose.  
 In Summer, more defiantly,  
     He leapt from sloth. No herald crows  
 His coming to his course. Is this  
     Hyperion, who tints the peach  
 And yellows the grain? Is't amiss?  
     His beams throw shadows long which reach  
 Across the frozen plains,—over  
     The glistening, sparkling, crystal snow.  
 Phœbus! Thou wak'st to discover  
     Leafless trees and songless birds. Show  
 Thyself not bold; but circle still  
     Beneath thy ordinary path.  
 For now soft Nature yet her skill  
     And energy replenisheth.  
 This is not the life awaking;  
     Nor the joyfulness more mature;  
 Nor the mellowness a-breaking,  
     But the dormant hush of Nature.

[From the "Southampton Daily Tootle," Dec. 11th, 2000 A.D.]

---

## STRIKE AT HARTLEY COLLEGE

### Alarming Developments.

\* \* \*

CONSIDERABLE sensation was created in Southampton yesterday when it was learned that the Professors at the Hartley University College had come out on strike. For some time past it has been a matter of common knowledge that a good deal of unrest existed among the staff. The Professors have been engaged for many months in a dispute with their employers as to the conditions under which they work. It was not anticipated, however, that they would take so strong a step, but at a meeting of the men held yesterday it was decided to put the strike weapon into use. Professor W—— has formulated the demands of the men in the following ultimatum:—

- (1) Longer hours.
- (2) Less pay.
- (3) The right to referee in women's hockey matches.

It is not known at present how far the Lecturers will stand in with their better-paid colleagues.

*Later.*—It is now officially reported that the Lecturers have decided to throw in their lot with the men already out. The Education Department was reduced to chaos this morning by the staff, after a brief conference in Room 9, laying down their registers and coming out on strike. A mass meeting of the strikers was held in the Central Hall, when a resolution was passed calling on the staff to stand firm. It is also rumoured that Miss A—— has called out the women operatives.

The employers on their part have decided not to give way, and it is understood that a number of teaching posts have been offered to skilled Normals. To counteract this step the strikers have made arrangements for "peaceful picketing," and small bodies, comprising members of the Senate and lecturing staff, have been stationed at the entries to the various class-rooms.



The preposterous demands of the strikers have, of course, completely alienated public sympathy. The hasty action of the men has been the direct cause of plunging hundreds into intellectual starvation. Yesterday crowds of students besieged the various class-rooms and clamoured piteously for even half a lecture. The attitude of the strikers was callous in the extreme.

*Still Later.*—A rumour has just reached us that Professor C. l. l. n. s, attempting to force his way into Room 8 to deliver a lecture on Roman History, was greeted with cries of "Blackleg!" by an excited lecturer and some of the other disaffected men, and was ultimately obliged to withdraw. A large force of military and police is now guarding the Entrance Hall and the Bridge.

*Stop Press.*—As we go to press we hear that the strike is over. The action of the employers has given general satisfaction. Drill-instructors of approved character have been appointed indiscriminately to fill the vacant chairs. On no account will the men now out be taken back. Students are flocking (under police protection) to the various lecture-rooms, and, except for the hardships entailed on the strikers—for which they have themselves only to blame—the crisis may be regarded as at an end.



## A LYRIC.    ❧    ❧

\* \* \*

## Morning.

Morning's flush breaks calm and grey.  
The misty vapours, dissipated  
By the morning's fresh but chilly warmth,  
Rise, uplift and make clear to me  
A sleeping form. It is my guiding fay!  
She is fair Nature's child,  
E'en as yon orange tinted streaks  
Are Nature's handicraft.

## Noon.

If the day is cool and dreamy,  
Then mongst scarlet poppies sleeping,  
Or mongst swaying corn half-hidden,  
Underneath the scorching Sun-God,  
Like an effulgent mighty halo  
Peering from a ground of azure,  
He with glorious rays enwreathes her.

## Night

E'en when pallid moonbeams dance  
And through the chequered shade do flitter,  
While the silent moitionless stars  
Twinkle in our misty vision,  
Now are hid by fleecy cloud banks  
Rushing in their watery journey,  
Baled up high and yet rain-laden,  
She wanders 'mong the sylvan glades;  
For whate'er the time  
In endless rhyme  
She whiles the hours in dreamy song.

## DIG DICTA.    ❧    ❧

❖   ❖   ❖

WHAT a piece of work is my landlady! How sparing in butter! how stingy in milk! In form and moving how fierce and formidable! To visitors how like an angel! to us how full of gall! At half-past eleven how she would report me! in apprehension how like a miser! The fifteen bob a week!—the paragon of swindles! (With apologies to *Hamlet*.)

Sunday's dinner :—Briquettes and South American Angel.

"We may have faith to remove mountains, but it comes a long way short of shifting the grub we get."

To first year normals :—

"What's Hecuba to you—and what are you to Hecuba?"

Also,—“You bawdy villans, where's the mobled queen?”

The landlady says :—

"The more you eat the happier I am."

We say :—

"The more we eat the less we thrive."

She also says :—

"An hour's study in the morning is worth three at night."

We tumble to the trick, however, and "burn the midnight oil" in spite of the cost.

"He that hath two landlady's daughters, let him give to him who hath none."

"The landlady is the head of the house"—and the silent listener to all conversation. Why does she so often send her *burnt offerings* to us? Does she mistake us for heathen gods?

A maxim which the landlady takes in its literal signification :—

"Reading maketh a *full* man." Therefore students need but little food.

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

is another quotation placed in a conspicuous position in the dining-room.

Irony :—

"This is home away from home."

POST BAG. "Let me hear from thee by letter."

"Two Gentlemen of Verona."

\* \* \*

### Should Law and Order be Maintained in the Men's Common Room?

DEAR MR. EDITOR.



You have been considerate enough to grant us an opportunity, in your correspondence columns, of laying any grievances we may have before the eyes of your readers; and I mean to avail myself of this opportunity by bringing to notice one of the most glaring and phenomenal inconsistencies which exist in the social organizations of Hartley University College. That these are numerous is irrefutable, and is plainly apparent when we see that certain new-comers, having hardly set foot within the precincts of this College, are compelled to acknowledge and proclaim their disgust at the lamentable and palpable defects of the social legislation of Hartley. As one who, having spent some years at this College, has had abundant opportunity, not only of witnessing, but also of suffering under the rank conditions which exist within its walls, I can sympathise only too well, alas, with these fresh arrivals, who having presumably been accustomed to the quiet seclusion of nunneries and monasteries, are now compelled to submit to all the numerous imperfections and evil (I might almost say demoralizing) customs which here prevail. Space will allow me, however, to deal with only one of these evils; but to my mind it is one of the most apparent and disgusting practices which are to be found in this College; at least in the social life of the men. The point which I wish to bring before the notice of the readers of this journal, Mr. Editor, is the unruly conduct of the men students in their Common Room during the morning interval; and I can only marvel that this has not met before with the censure of the governing bodies of the College. When first I entered this College, I had certain crude ideas as to the nature of a Men's Common Room; ideas which I had gathered from a short inspection of the Common Room at Reading University College. There I saw a splendid room, magnificently furnished, with polished floors and replete with all the attractive adornments of a drawing room; even to receptacles for depositing cigarette ash, burnt matches, etc. I was hoping that the Men's Common Room at Hartley would present a favourable comparison with the one I had seen, but my illusions were soon to be dispelled. The first week of my existence as a student at Hartley, when the bell rang at 11.15 one morning, I bethought me that I would retire to the Common Room and spend the interval in the most profitable manner I could devise; namely, by a leisurely perusal of a Shakespearian play. Seeing an indication "To the Men's Common Room," upon the wall of a turning in the corridor, I turned and proceeded several paces, when suddenly a terrific yell burst upon my ears. I stopped abruptly, thereby causing a collision with some dozen students who were rushing in a most un-student-like fashion behind me, apparently in the same direction as myself, for they were yelling at the top of their voices "*Common Room, Chaps! Common Room!*" I was preparing to

apologise in the most gentlemanly manner I could assume, when they picked themselves up, and rushing by me like a troop of hooligans, and crushing me against the wall as they passed, they burst into a door, from which issued fiendish yells during the few seconds they took to enter the room. The door closed, all I could hear was a dull roar which reminded me of a similar noise I had once heard when passing by a certain well-known Football Ground where, I was informed, the final of the English Football Cup Competition was being contested. However, I plucked up courage, and walking up to the door, I timidly opened it and placed one foot inside. Immediately there burst out a dreadful roar of "*Shut the door!*" and thereupon the door was violently slammed, jamming my foot inside. Those within, perceiving that something prevented them from fastening the door, re-opened it, and seeing the cause, dragged me unceremoniously inside, and closed the door with a loud bang which jarred horribly on my nerves. When I had become somewhat more accustomed to the terrible noise which was being made within, I ventured to look around me. Everyone there had his hands to his mouth (this, as I afterwards ascertained from a Physics lecturer, was intended to give a greater volume of sound to their voices) and was shouting "*Order!*" as loud as he could. Their faces were already flushed and crimson with their exertions, but still they roared, as if their very lives depended upon their efforts. Standing upon a table was a student, who, with a patient look of resignation upon his countenance, appeared to be waiting until his audience obtained that tranquillity for which each member was fiercely clamouring. For a short space the noise decreased, and about one half of the students there present simultaneously ceased shouting to observe the effect of their efforts to obtain quietness. As the other half, however, continued to hellow angrily for order, they again felt it incumbent upon them to shout themselves for "*Order!*" and once more the babel of voices reigned supreme for some minutes. At last the student upon the table, raising his hand in a supplicating manner, commenced moving his lips, and apparently he was speaking, although of course, not one word he uttered was audible. This procedure on the part of the speaker, however, produced the desired effect upon his audience, who, realising that if they wished to hear what he was saying they must themselves be quiet, suddenly stopped shouting. Thus, comparative silence at length being established, the speaker commenced his discourse anew. This was brief and to the point, the speaker probably realising from experience that the sooner he gave his audience some business to attend to the quieter they would be. It seemed that some officials were to be elected for certain clubs and societies, and the speaker was asking for nominations of candidates for those positions. Several names were straightway shouted out, and they were duly recorded by the speaker. Then followed several peculiar ejaculations from the audience, such as "*Winkle.*" "*The Cat,*" "*Ruby,*" etc., which caused great amusement, and the "*order*" was again interrupted. The student on the table then required the offenders who had interrupted the business by their irrelevant remarks to remove themselves from the room; whereupon, with shouts of "*Chuck 'em out!*" some twenty odd students rushed upon them, and after a kind of rugby scrimmage had taken place in the middle of the room (during which many buttons fell on the floor, and many collars were twisted round the backs of as many necks), the offenders were eventually thrown violently from the room. The ejection committee, with faces red and garments in sad disorder, returned triumphantly, and re-commenced yelling for order, looking eagerly about in the hope of discovering some fresh offender. Silence being re-established, a few more names were proposed—it only required one student to propose a name, for every other student in the

room invariably roared "*seconded*"—and duly accepted, and the speaker then requested the nominees to withdraw from the room. This they did, materially assisted by the ejection committee did they but fail to rush out of the room at the greatest speed they could muster. The officials required were then duly elected by a show of hands, and the candidates were readmitted. The name of each successful candidate was announced by the speaker and was greeted by great cheers and loud cries of "*Toss Him!*" The fortunate one was then thrown three times high into the air, amid the excited howls of the remainder of the students. This done, they were preparing to accomplish some fresh business when the door opened and a porter yelled "*Time!*" at the top of his voice. The students glared angrily at him, and appeared deeply to resent his unseemly intrusion, and many cries of "*Toss Him!*" "*Out Him!*" arose; and for the moment the position of the rash intruder was a precarious one. On looking at their watches, however, they found that they had already exceeded the limit of time allowed them for "*rest*," and they straightway changed their cries to those of "*Rough House Chaps!*" "*Scrum Up!*" etc., hurling themselves in a body at the door. Unfortunately for me, I was directly in front of the door, and so I was hurled with considerable violence against some lockers facing the door. Although severely shaken and bruised, I, nevertheless, was forced to conclude, when I gazed upon the horrible scrimmage which was taking place at the door, that after all it was extremely lucky for me that I had issued from that door as quickly as I did. As soon as the tumult had subsided, I quickly emerged from the corner in which I had bestowed myself, and hastily betook myself to my lecture, feeling more dead than alive and half stunned by the deafening row to which my ears had been subjected for the last quarter of an hour.

Needless to say, I did not venture to enter the Common Room again for a week or so. At length, however, I began to reflect that the occasion on which I had unfortunately chosen to present myself for the first time in the Common Room, must have been an unusual one, and that all such elections as the one I had witnessed (and which no doubt were necessary in their way) must necessarily have been finished by then. So I resolved to venture once again into that room. This time however, I took the precaution of opening the door quickly, rushing in madly, and slamming the door to violently behind me. My entrance remained unremarked, at least for the time being, and I proceeded to look around me. The noise within was still considerable, but somewhat less uproarious than on the previous occasion. I observed that the majority of the students were arranged in a compact ring, and something which was taking place within seemed to be providing great amusement, judging from the laughter and shouts which now and then arose. I mounted on a chair, (emboldened by seeing many other similarly mounted; while others again occupied still more elevated positions upon the window-ledges, etc.) and peered into the ring to discover the cause of their amusement. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. Within the ring was an unhappy student who was being violently hurled from one side of the ring to the other, in each case to be sent flying back by the remorseless students into whose arms he fell. The poor fellow was painfully endeavouring to smile, but he must have been suffering terribly. At length, an extra vigorous push sent him heavily to the floor, and at the shout of triumph which arose, a feeling of indignation and pity getting the better of my timidity, I jumped down and endeavoured to break through the ring to ascertain the extent of his injuries, which I felt sure must have been severe. My efforts to pierce the ring however brought the attention of several students upon me; and, no sooner had they clapped eyes upon the volume of Mechanics which I held under my arm, and which I had intended studying, than with a fiendish expression of malignant joy on their

faces, they immediately commenced yelling "*Swot Books, Chaps!*" Of what subsequently transpired, I have but a hazy notion. I have a dim recollection of being seized by crowds of excited students, turned upside-down and in every other conceivable position and dragged several times round the room as the result of the efforts of some to haul me out of the room head-first, while others who had possession of my nether extremities desired also to be the first to arrive at the door. I am thankful to be able to say that those at my feet proved the stronger, and I was thrown forcibly, feet foremost, into the same lockers whose acquaintance I had previously made. I lay motionless for a few seconds, endeavouring to realise what had happened, and having recovered somewhat, was preparing to rise when the door behind me suddenly opened and something hard struck me with considerable force in the small of the back. On looking to see the nature of the missile that had struck me, I was horrified to discover that it was my *Mechanics* book, torn and distorted almost beyond recognition. Picking it up, I fled precipitately and have never since ventured to set foot again in that terrible room.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, that this subject will appeal to you as one which deserves immediate attention on the part of the authorities who are responsible, and that you, in your well-known sympathy for all bold innovators, denouncers and reformers, (at whose disposal you have so kindly placed these columns), will recognise the importance of some reform which shall ensure not only the comfort, but even the safety of the students of this College, and so grant it the necessary space in your journal. I am equally certain that the majority of your readers will not fail to perceive the need for the adoption of stricter disciplinary measures in the Common Room, and support me in this appeal for law and order therein. Finally I trust that this letter will serve to encourage other discontented students to express in an equally bold and open fashion their opinions upon the many disgraceful customs, which, I am very sorry to say, exist at Hartley.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, you will pardon any undue prolixity on my part, and thanking you in anticipation for my encroachment upon your valuable space,

I remain,

Yours eternally indebted,

AFFLIGÉ.



## Should Students Undertake Research Work?

"'Tis the talent of our English nation  
Still to be plotting some new reformation."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

As a regular reader of your valuable and helpful journal, may I crave for a few moments your indulgence upon a matter which I am convinced is of vital and far reaching importance. I have perused with sustained interest the communications of *Ridiculus* and *Ridiculior* in the columns of your publications last year. I beg to assert my entire accordance with their views; but I cannot help thinking that the reform which I am advocating will, in the magnitude of its results, far surpass the proposals of your previous correspondents in the promotion of that spirit of peace and brotherly love between the glorious company of students assembled, and the unfortunate members of the staff. I use the word "unfortunate" advisedly, for were they not once even as we, until the pernicious and cumulative effect of small overindulgences in work reduced them to their

present parlous state. Ought not therefore our manly bosoms to swell with compassion, and not forsooth with ire at their facilities, since it is even conceivable that a few, a very few, of us may one day fall in a moment of weakness, even as they. Should we not therefore devote some of our scanty leisure to their reform; and I maintain (on the principal which impels the bibulous party to drink himself to death in the serene faith that he is thereby becoming a martyr, nobly perishing as a warning to his fellowmen), I maintain—I repeat—that this result can best be achieved by participating in their guileless amusements.

Let us therefore *research*; but research not by midnight oil, or gas as the case may be, with ice bags on our fevered brows, and mustard poultices on our chilly feet (why not use our chilly feet to cool our fevered brow?), but let us research in matters of human interest. Thus, and only thus, shall we lead back the lost souls of these erring sheep within our fold to the joys and pleasures of life. In the words of the immortal philosopher, *Pompadour de Gallipotte*, whose works deserve an even greater fame in England than they now possess,

" *C'est C'homme qui vaut tout,*"

which I may venture to render somewhat freely, thus, "It isn't the cap or the gown you wear, but the research you do that matters."

Suffer me then to suggest a few researches to which we might devote our mighty intellects.

The Men's Common Room might furnish to an investigator of sufficiently robust health and elephantine physique, valuable information on the much vexed subject of Primordial Chaos. A valuable essay on "The Recrudescence of Primitive Fire Worship under Higher Civilised Conditions" might be derived from the same locality.

The fluid (sometimes) supplied by the authorities for caligraphical operations might possibly contain varied fossil remains. Should a search in this direction not bring the deserved reward, the study of the receptacles, into which the above mentioned fluid is poured, should reveal many secrets of the Deposition of Sedimentary Rocks to an enterprising Geologist. Shall we not, too, recommend to our mutual friend "*Libertus*" (should he not rather be styled "*Libertinus*") the careful study of the floral (small if please), of our ancestral domain, the Garden. He will then no longer be tempted to indulge in two botanical excursions in a single week, and will escape danger of losing himself—and other enterprising botanists—on the Swaythling road.

In conclusion, it may be asked, "What authority has the present writer for his words?" Or "What is he doing for the cause he advocates?" "Is he not an empty vessel making much noise?" Gentle reader—I beg pardon—Mr. Editor—I hasten to allay such unworthy suspicions. I, in my zeal for the cause to which I have set my heart, am preparing for publication a monograph on a subject which has perplexed and confounded the mightiest brains for countless generations, viz., "The Motive Causation of Voluntary Transviatory Migration in Adolescent Individuals of the *Genus Pullus Vulgaris*," (Mucke and Rubbitchh vii. + 114pp. n/m).

Apologising for troubling you at such length, and thanking you in anticipation,

I remain,

Your obedient Servant,

"RIDICULISSIMUS."



[To the Editor H.U.C. Magazine.]

## Masculine Hosiery.

"A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet."

*Monckton* :—"The Men of Old."

DEAR SIR,

I write to you in a spirit of trepidation; a horrible and indefinable dread hath overwhelmed me. I ask you in fear and trembling:—What are we to expect as the climax of evolution in the world of masculine half-hose? What will be the moral effect on the whole human race of the extremes to which (if I read the "signs of the times" aright) men seem prepared to go in this matter? Let me explain myself.

Day after day in the Common Room, a shout of accusation, in which seem to be mingled surprise, triumph, pity, scorn—and fury, is suddenly raised. The unfortunate person against whom this is directed is unceremoniously (and, my dear sir,—if I may say so,—brutally) seized and reversed, up-ended, so to speak. The bottoms of the nether garments of the victim are then manipulated such that a considerable amount of calf and the accompanying enveloping half-hose are exposed to common view. Immediately arises a mighty shout, almost diabolical in its fury. The aforesaid calf is then subjected to vigorous and promiscuous slapping. To such lengths, my dear sir, do these barbarous tormentors go, that frequently (I have it on good authority) contusions having the shape of the smiting hands—even to the details of the finger-prints—have been left on the victim, who is then summarily and violently ejected from the room.

But, sir, it is not to the unspeakable cruelty of the above that I wish to draw your attention. My startled eye has marked, in the long succession of these events, that the colours and mixtures of colours exposed to view as I have described, instead of becoming more and more quiescent day by day, have developed from noisy to loud, loud to louder, louder to,—if I may say so,—shrieking.

Now sir, what is to be the end of it all?

Will the devotees of these chromatic monstrosities voluntarily become scientists, and prosecute research in the realms of organic chemistry among the azo- and diazo-compounds, in order to,—so to speak,—unearth new and even more pleasing (to them) dyes and mixtures?

Or, will they adopt nether apparel similar to football knickers (which, my dear sir, I daresay you have seen, or at least heard of) in order that their hosiery may show to the maximum advantage?

Or, will the tide of fashion flow to such a degree that the whole of man's apparel will be of such colours; and this dull, dreary town of Southampton thus made to look quite picturesque by such Oriental garments?

Or,—my heart bounds with joy, and all my senses thrill at the thought,—will these asinine youths return to the (as I read the advertise-

ment) "Gentlemen's half-hose, navy or black, homespun, triple heels and toes," such as the few of us who still possess gleams of sanity now wear?

Or, will they . . . Bust it, man, tell me quickly what *will* happen, and deliver my aching heart from this agony of apprehension.

Yours in a fever,

PREY TO FEAR.

## GYMNASIUM.

+ + +

THE Club has started strongly again this term, and meetings have been held nearly every week on Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., in the Central Hall. The attendance so far has been very good compared with previous years, averaging 25 to 30. It is hoped that this number will be added to next term. The Club affords a splendid opportunity for those who are not fortunate enough to be included in the various footer teams, to develop their muscles, and to obtain a good build in a remarkably short time. Since the parallel bars are in the Men's Common Room it is a pity that more fellows do not drop their dignity for a short time, and take a quarter of an hour's condensed exercise every day, they would not be sorry for it afterwards.

The success of the meetings is largely due to the efforts of our instructor, Mr. Phillips, who has once more given up his Tuesday evenings to come down and give us the benefit of his knowledge and experience. Without him the club could not exist.

We are fortunate, also, in having a very good set of apparatus, and though we cannot use it all in the short time at our disposal during a meeting, we always find time for the Parallel Bars, Horizontal Bar, Horse, and boxing.

This year we have started a "Beginners' Section," where those who are quite novices are shown the elementary exercises. So there is no excuse for those who plead that they "do not know anything about it," when asked to turn out.

We hope next term the Juniors, especially, will turn up in full force, so that the club may prosper in succeeding years.

Telephone 1018.

Telegrams :  
BATT'S LIBRARY, SOUTHAMPTON.

ROBERT C. BATT & CO

Discount Booksellers,

Stationers, etc. . . .

178, HIGH STREET,

♦ ♦ SOUTHAMPTON.

---

Agents for "SWAN," "NEPTUNE," and  
"ONOTO" FOUNTAIN PENS,"  
"TOM THUMB" STYLO, &c.  
F. Swan's Self-Filler Fountain Pen = 3/9.

---

PUBLISHERS OF PROFESSOR HEARNshaw's "OUTLINES OF  
HISTORY," WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY AT ABOVE  
ADDRESS. PRICE 1/6, TO STUDENTS ONLY.

---

HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CREST POST CARDS,  
7 for Sixpence.

Telephone 9 X 3.

Established 1859.

# H. M. GILBERT & SON,

**BOOKSELLERS** (New and Old.)

Librarians, Bookbinders, and Stationers.

~~~~~  
*A LARGE AND REPRESENTATIVE STOCK OF NEW BOOKS
ALWAYS ON HAND.*

3d. in the 1s. Discount for Cash.

The Largest Stock of Second-hand Books in the South of England,
A Circulation Library in connection with Mudie's.

BOOKS BOUGHT FROM A PARCEL TO A LIBRARY.

~~~~~  
24, Above Bar, Southampton.

---

---

# HAWKINS & SON,

HIGH-CLASS

*Bakers & Pastrycooks,*

49, CHAPEL ROAD,

Telephone No. 27 X.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**

~~~~~  
**Winners of 23 Medals and Cups at London
and other Exhibitions.**

~~~~~  
**CATERING IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.**

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

\* \* \*

PROLONGED and laborious antiquarian search in the musty pages of last year's Magazines has brought to light several interesting points of comparison between the condition of the Society then and now. At this time last year the Society had not re-awakened from its summer siesta, doubtless it was gathering strength for the vast strides it has since made. At that time the number of names on the membership roll had never reached 50. Upon its revival in January of this year, in the energetic hands of Mr. Hill as Secretary, the membership steadily rose to 69, and the hope was expressed that the day would come when the Society would be obliged to meet in the Hall, on account of the magnitude of its numbers. This hope has been practically fulfilled, at a date far earlier than the most sanguine of its supporters would have dared to hope last spring.

The Annual General Meeting was held in October, and immediately afterwards the work of enrolling members began. The large increase in their numbers this year has made it necessary for us to abandon, not without regrets, the comfort of the Women's Common Room in favour of the greater size of the Hall, as the scene of the mild gastronomic orgies with which we precede our lectures. At the time of writing the Society boasts 118 members, which our mathematical representative on the committee assures us is, to a close approximation, a net gain of 49 over last year.

The first ordinary meeting was held in Room 29. A record number of members (85) attended to hear a lecture by Mr. E. H. Dixon, B. Sc., on "The Science of Lighting." Mr. Dixon explained the nature of light, and pointed out that of the many octaves of ether vibrations known, only two of these are optically visible. The two methods of production of light, Incandescence and Luminescence, were distinguished, and the contrast between the wastefulness of the former method and the economy of the latter was explained. The various candle powers, energy emitted as light and heat, and costs of lighting of various lamps were shown on the screen by means of graph. The superiority of nature's handicraft over that of man was shown by comparison of the 99% efficiency of the firefly with the 15% efficiency of inanimate lighting appliances. The lecturer then described and exhibited many different kinds of lighting appliances, amongst which may be mentioned a high pressure gas plant lighting a Keith Lamp, which was kindly lent and fitted up by the Southampton Gas Company. As examples of lighting by luminescence, a mercury vapour lamp and a Moore light were shewn.

At the second meeting on Nov. 14th, which was attended by about 60 members, Miss K. Boswell, B.Sc., re-visited the scene of her former labours to read to the Society a paper on "Some Geological Aspects of Scenery." Miss Boswell explained, in a very interesting manner, the many physical causes which tend to produce variations in scenery, and the varied effects which these causes may produce when allowed to act for sufficient time. Such causes are the wearing and grinding actions of water and ice, which carry away the softer rocks and leave the harder ones practically unharmed. She also discussed the relative ages, positions, and methods of formation of the principal types of Igneous and Sedimentary rocks. The faults produced in strata by abnormal conditions of pressure were also described. In conclusion, the lecturer explained the causes of

formation of lakes and waterfalls, and described the characteristic features and manner of production of limestone caverns. This was illustrated by a large number of excellent lantern slides.

On Nov. 28th, about 80 members of the Society met in the Chemical Lecture Theatre to listen to a paper on "Flat Land" and "Higher Space," by Prof. E. L. Watkin, M.A. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Phillips, who had promised to preside, Mr. Freeman took the chair. Prof. Watkin, whose last paper to the Society was read on the occasion of its inaugural meeting in 1904, discussed the simpler properties of, and inter-relationships between, spaces of different dimensions. He pointed out first the limitations, and complete self-sufficiency of an inhabitant of no dimensions—a point. He then proceeded to a consideration of linear space, and showed, that while a considerable increase in possibilities was attained, existence in such a space must inevitably be decidedly monotonous. He then explained at some length the properties of "Flatland," *i.e.*, space of two dimensions, and showed how intercourse might take place between an inhabitant of such a space and an inhabitant of three-dimensional space. From these results properties of hypothetical space of four dimensions were deduced inductively. In conclusion, the lecturer very guardedly hinted at the ease with which many spiritualistic phenomena can be explained by the assumption of the existence of a fourth dimension, imperceptible by our physical senses, and mentioned one or two theories as to the nature of this fourth dimension.

The tea sub-committee should be complimented on the excellent way in which they have carried out their responsible and rather thankless duties. We offer our best thanks to the ladies who have assisted us on Tuesday afternoons. A full programme of meetings has been provisionally drawn up for next term, and it is hoped that the interest at present shown in the Society may be sustained throughout the session. We should like, if possible, more members to take part in the discussions *after* the papers.

C.S.A.

## CHRISTIAN UNION. X

+ + +

### WOMEN'S BRANCH.

In spite of the reduced numbers among the women students, the Welcome Tea at the beginning of the session was well attended, and when all had eaten and were filled, Miss Duncan, in a most impressive speech, gave an interesting account of the Federation. Miss Aubrey followed with a few well chosen words of welcome to the "freshers," and the proceedings concluded with an animated auction sale.

For the reason stated above, we are able to have only two Bible Circles in connection with our branch. These, however, as well as the morning prayer meetings, are well attended.

The first United Meeting was held at the hostel on Sunday, October 7th. Miss E. Billing read a very interesting paper on the aims of the Christian Union in our College, and Miss Aubrey addressed us with some most helpful and encouraging words.

At the Combined Meeting held at the Y.M.C.A. rooms on Sunday, October 29th, Dr. Stancombe's address on the subject "Know Thyself,"

was much enjoyed; and Mr. Cargin's address on November 26th, which dealt with the coming Liverpool Conference, proved extremely interesting.

A second United Meeting has been arranged for December 10th.

Miss Sedgwick's visit on November 13th and 14th, although rather short, was very helpful, and meetings were held both at the College, and at the Hostel.

In preparation for the Liverpool Conference in January, 1912, a missionary study circle has been led by Miss Duncan throughout this term. We hope to send five delegates to the Conference, and trust they may come back to inspire zeal for the missionary cause into our College.

The basis has not yet been signed, but we hope next term to tell of a full membership, especially among the Juniors.

M.B.

#### MEN'S BRANCH.

Our first activity this term was the giving of a welcome tea to the Juniors. This took place on Friday, October 6th, and we must express our gratitude to Miss Aubrey and the Women's Branch for their kind assistance, without which the tea could not have been the success it was. Over ninety men were present, and at the close Messrs. Tomlinson and Freeman extended a hearty welcome to the Freshmen and invited them to the Christian Union.

At the first Sunday meeting, Mr. Tomlinson again invited all present to attend regularly, and dealt in an able manner with the question "Why should I join the Christian Union?" Mr. Freeman, following, spoke on the Student Christian movement as a whole, explaining its constitution and aims.

Our friend, Rev. Morris, of Portland Baptist, gave us a most interesting address at our second meeting, and we are looking forward with pleasure to hearing him again on some future occasion. Mr. Marshall spoke to us on the subject of "A Clean Heart," and the following combined meeting—the first this year—was addressed by Dr Stancombe, who we hope will address the first meeting next term. Messrs. Geach and Arnold followed, giving us some of their experience at the Summer Conference.

Two meetings were held on November 26th owing to the visit of Mr. W. Cargin, Travelling Secretary of S.V.M.U. The morning meeting will, we feel sure, be long remembered by those present. In the afternoon, at which both branches of the Union were present, Mr. Cargin based his remarks on the Liverpool Conference, to which we hope to send two or three delegates.

Our meetings have on the whole been well attended, and we trust that many of the Juniors are now interested in the work of the C.U. We hope next term to have an excellent series of addresses, as many ministers of the town—notable amongst whom are Rev. M. Jones and Rev. B. W. Keymer—have promised to come and speak to us.

A.S.A.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY,

\* \* \*



THE Literary and Debating Society is in a flourishing condition, and the debates this term have been well attended. We are fortunate in having secured Professor Lyttel as President in the place of Professor Studer, who has been compelled to retire from office on account of his connection with many local Literary societies. We hope that he will enjoy the debates as we know his predecessor did.

The first meeting took place on October 27th, when the following resolution came up for discussion: "That Women should be allowed to take part in the commercial and political life of the country." This of course was the ladies' evening and they took full advantage of it. Miss Stead was the leader for the affirmative side and made out an excellent case for Woman's Suffrage, while she was well backed up by Miss Bull, who made it quite plain that she was a "Militant." Miss Cussans opposed the resolution for "Psychological, Biological, Practical, and Economic reasons," and mentioned that it was degrading for women to fight against men in the political and industrial field. Mr. James argued that woman's place was the home. By 41 votes to 34 votes our learned institution rejected the motion. An amusing feature of this meeting was the display of the Suffragette colours and banner.

On November 10th we met to discuss the resolution: "That this House would welcome the establishment of a Socialist Régime." Mr. Houghton defined Socialism as that system of society in which all the means by which wealth is produced, distributed, or exchanged, are owned and controlled by the people. In an able speech Mr. Walsh seconded, and argued that "labour applied to raw material was the source of all wealth." Mr. Hargreaves, in opposing the motion, maintained that Socialism would lead to chaos, and he proposed to alleviate the present-day evils by a reorganisation of our tariff system. Mr. Davison claimed that Socialism would destroy the liberty of the individual. There were 27 votes for Socialism and 49 against.

Mr. Dudley presided over the third meeting, when the following debate took place: "Should Capital punishment be abolished?" Mr. Raymond, at the outset of his speech for the affirmative, pointed out that he was not trying to justify murder. He claimed that as a rule murderers were insane, and that after all they were little better than soldiers on a battlefield. Mr. Williams supported, and advocated the removal from society of the causes which manufacture murderers. Mr. Jacobs made an able defence of the Capital Punishment penalty. He shewed that in Italy, where Capital Punishment had been abolished, crime was increasing, while in England it was decreasing every year. He declared that the murderer was not a human being but a brute, and that therefore he should be treated as a brute. Mr. Rothery also claimed that this mode of punishment was essential to the safety of society. By a majority of 28 votes we resolved that the death sentence should be the supreme penalty of the law.



On Monday, December 4th, we visited the Avenue Debating Society Hall, and held an Inter-Debate with their members. We advocated the nationalisation of the railways, under the leadership of Messrs. Pugh and Houghton, while our opponents put up a good show against us. In the end we secured the verdict by an overwhelming majority, only ten people voting against our side. Two of the Avenue speakers, during the course of the debate, remarked that after hearing the speeches of our members they had become more determined to assist the College in every possible way. Even the Debating Society can do propaganda for the College!

This report cannot be regarded as complete without mention being made of the speakers. This year we have undoubtedly some fine talent in our midst. The juniors can boast of some future Pitts and Gladstones, and the seniors are almost put in the shade by them. On one occasion Mr. Young had to say a few words on behalf of the seniors (*sic*), because the juniors had monopolised the whole debate. We are glad, nevertheless, to notice the enthusiasm of the new students, and we feel sure that they will make even a bigger success of this Society next year.

In conclusion, we must call attention to the fact that some very interesting debates are down for decision next term; we hope to see the hall crowded at these meetings. On March 22nd (approx.), an *International Peace Banquet* will be held, when we hope to see every student of the College present, but of this more anon.  
J.H.

## CHORAL SOCIETY.



LITTLE can be said at present. We have started, and things are running very smoothly. It has been found necessary to divide the men, one part to sing in male chorus, the other to join with the women students in a mixed voice chorus. For the latter, Cowen's "Rose Maiden" has been selected, and the few practices we have had have all been enthusiastic, promising well. We are getting a closer acquaintance with the work as a whole, just beginning to feel its light and tuneful atmosphere. When we know it, have polished it, and can render it, then we shall enjoy it most.

The same remarks apply to "The Golden Treasury of Song," the work chosen for men's voices. The songs selected vary in their tone. We are of course most at home when singing "I triumph." We sympathise somewhat with Mr. Leake in his endeavours to produce such songs as "Who is Sylvia?" from voices trained more to the gusto of Common Room Ballads. Nevertheless he is doing it.

We must, of course, focus our efforts upon the Students' Annual Concert, which is now not afar off. Southampton, I have heard it said, is, as a rule, not quick to appreciate and support high class music. Whether this be so, I cannot say, but we at least can boast of attempting the works of first rate composers.

There is one other thing. We have noticed that there are several students with special aptitudes for playing musical instruments. It would greatly improve our practices and facilitate the work of the orchestra on the night of the Concert, if these instrumentalists would group themselves together and practise with us.

A.P.

## MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

THE recently formed Swimming Club has now been successfully started, and bids fair to be very popular and useful, especially when warmer weather prevails. Winter is not the best time of the year to begin a swimming club, but, notwithstanding the cold weather during this term, many men have availed themselves of the cheap rate of admission to the Baths secured by the Club. Indeed some have had "dips" almost every day.

The Committee wish to report that already two members have gained The Royal Life Saving Society's Proficiency Certificate and Medallion, and are about to start work for the Instructor's Certificate. It is also hoped that as many members as possible will enter for one at least of the Royal Life Saving Society's awards. Some tangible result is always useful, especially in such an accomplishment as swimming. Those men entering for the Proficiency Certificate will have their entrance fees paid out of the Club Funds, and will also receive the Society's handbook free. The secretary is always ready to receive names of intending candidates, and to start them on the drills at once. These drills are quite simple, and indeed their simplicity is their greatest advantage, and, for a fairly strong swimmer, six water and two land drills are ample.

The compulsory abandonment of the team race was a great disappointment to the Committee. The team was carefully chosen and was quite representative of the Club. Our entry was accepted at first, although the affiliation of the Club was not quite complete. All the men chosen, however, were members of clubs affiliated to the A.S.A. and would be eligible to swim for their own clubs. On the eve of the race, however, the Secretary was informed that our entry was not accepted because the Hartley Club was not affiliated. Our disappointment was keener after the race had taken place, for the time of the winners, Portsmouth, was only three seconds less than our aggregate time. We should probably have pulled this three seconds up in a race.

The affiliation is now complete, and it is hoped that teams, and even individual members, will be entered for many forthcoming races.

A water-polo team is being formed, and much useful practise has already been obtained. When the men are sufficiently expert, fixtures with other clubs will be arranged. It is not anticipated that it will "lick creation," but from present appearances is likely to be a fair junior team.

In conclusion, the Committee feel bound to acknowledge the kind help of Mr. Dudley and Mr. Phillips, and also that of Mr. Bridgen, of the Corporation Baths, in making the reduced rates of admission possible.

They would especially like to ask for the continued support and interest of as many members as possible.

## HOSTEL NOTES.



ALTHOUGH their numbers are reduced to the proverbially unlucky thirteen, the Hostel Students, rising from the sea of troubles of school practice, in which they narrowly escaped a watery grave, face the world once more with the old relationships of mother and daughter re-established. A casual observer might remark "Dignity and Impudence" as regards the family arrangements.

Mrs. Tantlet and her satellites appeared *en masse* to greet the Juniors, treated them to chestnuts (of both kinds), and gladdened our hearts by introducing a foreign element into our Hostel. The strains of "Wales, Wales," were once more to be heard, while Spanish pride and the dignity of office had a restraining influence on the frisky juveniles until they were disillusioned. Our Swiss visitor, too, showed a wonderful improvement in her English conversation when she had been with us an hour. Fact is stronger than fiction, as is proved by the bravery of certain students, who stood within a yard of a real live mouse, watched over its slumbers, and then basely delivered it to the mercies of the cat.

The carpet still remains whole, in spite of the various floods which have descended upon it; we hasten to assure the onlookers that there was no deception, that the smoke was real (also the smell), and that the mark is only slightly evident. Who would not dabble in the Black Arts?

We are anxiously waiting the results of our gardening experiments, and hope next autumn to be able to place a new fruit of specially blended and fine flavour and odour on the market. At present, all is as quiet as the grave, and no volcanic upheavals have taken place. The failure of B—y's cap was amply made up for by the startling success of the latest London creation, but our nerves have hardly recovered from the shock. Perhaps the unsettled state of mind of its wearer made her imagine that she was a mermaid, for she had to spend a considerable time wringing the salt waves from her tresses. Is her digestion woollen?

To turn to more serious and lasting things, it must be mentioned that a certain well-known lady has recently cheered both the study and its occupants by presenting three pictures to the Hostel, and these now occupy the places formerly held by a very valuable print of "Old Winchester," "Portsmouth Harbour," and some other dismal work of art, all of them precious, and all of them ugly; the said valuables having been produced from the College cellars in the Dark Ages. Our very best thanks are due to the donor of the new pictures, and it is the sincere wish of all Hostel students (who are thinking of future generations) that any Hartleyan who may have expectations, or who has come into a fortune unexpectedly, will make a note of the above.

The space allotted to "Hostel Notes" (and also the brain of the writer), will not permit of any very lengthy description of the joys of life in the Hostel. Let us all speak for ourselves and wish every-body else in College a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with piles of work next term, and more energy to get through it than ever they had before (easily possible! But not probable.)

A. B.

## CHESS NOTES.

+ + +

THE Chess Club this year is in a very thriving state, the membership numbering about forty. Although we have lost Messrs. Hill and Evans, two of last season's match players, we have gained Dr. Wynn Jones.

Not only is our number increased, but also our enthusiasm, and many hard and stern battles have been fought in the Merit Board Competition.

The Knock-Out Tournament is now in full swing. Many of the games, which have been keenly contested, have lasted more than three hours. Those members still undefeated in this competition are Messrs. Haselden, Bateman, B.A., and R. J. C. Weber.

At the commencement of this session, Prof. Watkin played, simultaneously, ten other members, and in an hour and a half had won every game.

The Senior—Junior match took place in October, when the Seniors proved victorious by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  games to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ .

We have played one match in the County Trophy Competition—against Andover, on November 18th, when we lost by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  games to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . Prof. Watkin, kindly entertained the teams at his house, for this match. The other Trophy match this term is against Southampton "B" on December 5th.

Prof. Masom and Mr. Mackie are playing for Hampshire against Kent, in London, on the 9th December.

Mr. Mackie was one of the 3 players who defeated Mr. Blake on the occasion of his visiting the Southampton Town Club, to play a simultaneous match against all comers.

H. W. W. A.

## THE HARTLEY HARRIERS' CLUB.

\* \* \*



WE must first express our regret at the retirement of Dr. Cavers from the College, and consequently from the Presidency of the Harriers' Club. We have, however, secured a popular President for the season in Mr. Phillips.

The following officials were elected for the season: President, Mr. Phillips; Secretary, S. W. Broom; and Messrs. R. Tulley, E. K. A. Boyce, A. S. Arnold and F. Harding were elected as Committee.

Previous to the official runs, much enthusiasm was shown, several runs taking place from digs.

October 23rd. This was the first run of the season and although it was a wretched evening, raining most of the time in fact, nine brave fellows turned to face the elements. The pack left the Cowherds about 9 o'clock, crossing the Common at Hill Lane and coming out at the cross roads in the Avenue, *via* Bassett Hotel. After a fine sprint down the Avenue, the runners finished at the Cowherds,

October 30th. In spite of the murky evening a good number turned out and a spirited run took place on the same course as before. The fast runners broke away after the pack turned into the Avenue, sprinted to the Cowberds and making a splendid finish.

November 6th. The evening was much finer than on previous occasions, but, since the run occurred during Mid-Term, not many fellows turned out.

November 13th and 20th. On both occasions the course was changed to the longer run, *via* Swathling, about six miles. On the 20th inst. sixteen fellows turned out. The numbers divided themselves into two packs, fast and slow, and the pace maintained throughout was good, all arriving at the Cowherds in fine form.

November 27th. This was the last run of the Term, owing to the approach of Terminals. The night was fine and a vigorous run was accomplished.

The Juniors have turned out very well and G. B. Lee and E. R. Lovell are two promising runners. Next Term we hope to hold a Senior *v.* Junior Team race, the first five of either team in first, being accounted as winners. During the first half of next Term we hope to have a run to Winchester, when the members have recovered from their Christmas dissipations.

On the whole, a very successful season is anticipated, with this Term's results and the projected runs for next Term.

WANTED—An official, qualified trainer, who would be gladly welcomed by the Harriers. Apply at once.

S. W. B.



## SOCCER NOTES.



AFTER some early reverses the Soccer Team has now found its feet, the last 6 matches all being won, with a goal average of 30 for, 5 against. The elevens which represented the Coll. in the first few matches were naturally experimental ones; and unfortunately in this period the two most prominent league teams were met and we suffered

defeat on both occasions. Howarth was then moved from his old position of outside left to the centre, but although this was an improvement, it was obvious that he would be spoilt if retained as pivot. Hence another change, Bendrey being played at centre, while Howarth returned to his old position. Things now "began to burn"—the first match with this combination resulted in a 6-2 win, the next 11-0, and since then the forwards have always been dangerous—as the scores indicate. The reconstructed forward line, Lund, Moriarty, Bendrey, Freeman and Howarth, is if anything better than that of last Season's XI. Lund on the extreme right is very fast, while Moriarty has improved considerably. The other forwards are playing up to their reputations. The halves are also a fine line—Prince in the centre being as good as ever. Of the new men Lewis at right half is exceptionally fine—his tackling and heading being all that could be desired; while Ruffell on the left is a useful man, although his play is somewhat spoilt by his wandering too much. The backs Newsham and Rimmer naturally suffer in comparison with last season's men—Small and Crawshaw. Of the two Rimmer is undoubtedly the better tackler. Needless to say our skipper and goalie—Agate, is one of the best—his "off days" being very few and far between.

### Seniors v. Juniors. (Seniors Won 8-0).

For this annual fixture which took place on Sept. 30th, the Principal kindly consented to kick off. Judging by the reputation of the Juniors it seemed as if they were going to give the Seniors a warm time. The Seniors were without Bendrey who was not fit, so that only four of last Season's First XI. were available, the rest of the team being made up of 2nd and 3rd XI. men. Mr. Phillips was good enough to referee and after the usual photos had been taken the teams lined up as follows:—

**Seniors**—Agate; Rimmer and Viccars; Wilson, Prince and Hone; Moriarty, Tulley, Freeman, Ambler and Howarth.

**Juniors**—McGuire; Ruffell and Newsham; Braine, Lewis and Varney; Lund, Leigh, Jowitt, Brown and Kelly.

From the kick off the Seniors had things all their own way and the score gradually grew. The Juniors were hopelessly outplayed. It was only the good goal-keeping of McGuire that saved the Juniors from a still heavier defeat. Their forwards were practically useless, the Senior halves easily holding them in check. With regard to their halves—Lewis was the only

Junior who seemed to know anything about the game. Their backs were somewhat better, Ruffell being the finer of the two. The football of the Seniors was not good—so that taking everything into consideration the spectators were not treated to a good display of football.

Some of the Juniors with big reputations failed ignominiously and left us wondering whether we had really been told these things or had dreamt them.

### v. Rest of League. (Won 3—0).

Oct. 11th, played at the Dell. This match—the College (last season's champions) v. Pick of Rest of League, should have taken place at the end of last season but was postponed until the beginning of this.

The Coll. was represented by eight of last season's XI., with Rimmer and Moriarty, together with a Junior, Radford. An unsuccessful effort was made to get Crawshaw, French and Going.

*Team*—Agate; Rimmer and Small; Meyer, Prince and Clark; Moriarty, Bendrey, Freeman, Radford and Howarth.

The Rest of the League were represented by a good XI., but were outplayed by the Coll. representatives. The game was very stubbornly contested, for some time no progress was made by the Coll. forwards. The Rest then pressed and it seemed as if they must score, but the splendid defence of our backs—Small in particular, and with Agate perfectly safe behind them, our goal remained intact. Not so that of the Rest of the League. The ball was worked up the right wing and Bendrey shot when one of the Rest defenders handled the ball in the penalty area and Howarth made no mistake with the resulting kick and the Coll. were one up. Our team was now playing pretty football—Bendrey in particular being noticeable for some clever footwork. Howarth now came into the picture with some fine runs on the left, followed by a spirited dash by Clark who got through and left Freeman to put the finishing touch to a fine piece of work. Two up! the Coll. supporters—well over a hundred—were jubilant and showed it by the terrific noise they made, in the way only Hartleyans can do. Shortly after half-time arrived, the Coll. having the game well in hand. The second half opened with an attack on our goal, but the defence was steady, the halves tackling splendidly, the backs kicking well and the goalie "all there!" Play was at length transferred to mid-field and eventually Howarth gained possession and raced down the wing, centred and Freeman shot into the hands of the goalie. Before he could clear Bendrey dashed up, secured the ball and it was in the net.

The Rest made repeated efforts to decrease our lead, but they found it impossible. At length time arrived with the score—H. U.C. (Champions) 3; Rest of League, 0.

### v. Southampton Wanderers. (Lost 1—2).

Oct. 14th. Played at Redbridge, this proved a rather scrappy game, Freeman scored our only goal early in the first half, but we were not able to keep our lead chiefly owing to an accident to Viccars who received a terrific kick in the face. Playing with ten men only, the College fought hard, but were gradually overwhelmed, the final score being:—College 1, Wanderers 2.

### v. Southampton Park Avenue: (L). (Lost 0—5).

Oct. 21st, Home. This, our first League engagement, proved very disastrous. The College appeared hopelessly beaten from the first, the men seemed to think defeat a foregone conclusion. Our forwards were badly served by the halves, but they themselves were weak and lacked combination. The Park Avenue forwards were certainly smart, but our defence ought to have kept down the score,

### v. Skerry's College. (Won 1—0).

Oct. 21st, Home. Bendrey, Howarth, and Freeman were unable to play in this match, Rimmer taking the centre forward position. He certainly put some dash into our front line, but he is not exactly an ideal pivot. The result 1—0 in our favour, is a fair index of the game, which was of the scrappy order. Moriarty scored the only goal of the match from a scramble near the goal line. Exchanges were fairly even throughout the second half. Following an unsuccessful appeal of the Skerryites for a goal, which was obviously offside, the game deteriorated considerably, a little horse play being indulged in by both teams.

### v. R.A.M.C., (L). (Lost 2—3).

Oct. 29th. This, our second League match was an improvement on the first, yet it left a lot to be desired. Agate was, unfortunately, absent, and McGuire, who took his place "between the sticks," did not give us of his best, although his backs gave him no support. It was due to our weak defence that the game was lost. The forwards, to get the ball, had invariably to go back and fetch it. There was certainly more combination among the attack, but the halves didn't enter into this, with the exception of Lewis, who was always to the fore. Prince was badly missed. Our goals were scored by Lund and Freeman.

### v. Reading University College. (Won 5—1).

Oct. 28th, Home. This match was unfortunately marred by an accident to Thomson, the Reading captain and goalie, who, in the second half, broke his leg. All, however, will be pleased to hear that he has progressed favourably and is now practically fit. During the first half the College proved themselves the superior team, half-time arrived with the score 4—0 in our favour. The combination of the forwards was much better, but they missed several opportunities. The second half was more evenly contested. During an attack on the Reading goal the accident to Thomson occurred. McGuire then acted as substitute for the remainder of the game, and made some good saves. The accident, however, seemed to take all the life out of the men. From a breakaway on the left Reading scored their only goal, the final whistle blowing soon after with the score:—H.U.C. 5; Reading 1. Our goals were scored by Freeman 2, Howarth 2 (one from a penalty), and Bendrey. We were glad to see such a good crowd turn out to welcome Reading. There were nearly a hundred men on the line yelling vociferously to the accompaniment of various instruments of the penny trumpet species. After the match the Reading team were entertained to tea. A word of thanks is due to the ladies of the College, who so generously helped on this occasion. The usual smoker followed.



### v. Southampton Tramways, (L). (Won 1-0).

Nov. 1st, Away. A very keen struggle, the College having to fight hard for the points. At half-time there was no score, the forwards doing some good work but lacking finish. The only goal of the match was scored by Bendrey, although we unsuccessfully claimed another goal (shot by the same player), the Referee contending that the ball did not go over the line. Our score would have been considerably augmented if it had not been for the splendid work of the Tram's right back. McGuire proved himself a capable substitute for Agate.

### Southampton Junior Cup—1st Round.

#### v. Southampton Artillery. (Won 6-2).

Home, Nov. 11th. Played in a continuous downfall of rain, this cup tie was very exciting. Our team was materially strengthened by the inclusion of F. P. Small and C. B. H. Clark. Howarth was put back into his old position at outside left, and Bendrey acted as pivot, while Moriarty filled up the vacancy at inside right. The re-arranged forward line worked well together, the weak spot undoubtedly being the inside left.

The "Gunaers" started with one man short but they found their feet quicker than our men, with the result that within 10 minutes of the kick-off they were two up, both goals due to misunderstandings on the part of the home defenders. To make matters worse, Newsham gave them a penalty, which fortunately proved futile. This seemed to arouse the College men, and a determined attack was made on the Gunners' citadel. The defence, although good, could not keep the invaders out, and the College scored—not once, but thrice. Repeated raids were made on the home territory, but Agate in goal was in splendid form and he was well supported by the backs, of whom Small was the better. Half-time arrived with the College leading 3-2. The second half was very keenly contested, but the College managed to retain and add to their lead. The forwards paid numerous visits to the Gunners' half, and 3 more goals resulted. They, nothing daunted, continued to fight gamely, time after time they looked like scoring, but the defence proved too good for them. Our goals were scored by Howarth 2, Bendrey 2, Moriarty, and Mummery. Clark during the first part of the game was easily the pick of the halves, but owing to injuries was unable to shine so much in the latter stages of the game.

Having drawn a bye in the 2nd Round, we are looking forward to the 3rd Round which will be played on January 20th.

#### v. Southampton Footwear, (L). (Won 11-0).

Nov. 15th, Home. A very one-sided game as the score indicates. The College forwards were in great form, particularly in the first half when 8 goals were netted. Howarth opened the scoring and completed the hat-trick before Bendrey began to show his scoring abilities. Before the interval he was credited with 4, the other goal coming from Moriarty. Lund was responsible for several of the goals, 3 coming directly from his well placed corner kicks. The second half was frightfully slow, the College having slackened considerably, although they managed to put on 3 more goals through the medium of Ruffell, Bendrey, and Moriarty.

Occasionally, very occasionally, the Footwear broke away, but the College defence was always able to cope with them. Goal-scorers:—Bendrey (5), Howarth (3), Moriarty (2), and Ruffell.

#### v. Civil Service, (L). (Won 5—2).

Nov. 29th, Away. The College were able to put their best team in the field for this match. The opening exchanges were fast and equal, but the College gradually assumed the aggressive. Several times the Service's goal had narrow escapes. At last Bendrey worked through the defence and struck the upright—from the rebound Moriarty easily opened the scoring. Howarth followed soon after with a terrific shot from the extreme left. After much mid-field play Bendrey secured the ball, and working into position, added still a third. The Civil Service now became dangerous, and just before half-time scored. The second half, for the greater part of the time, resolved itself into a duel between our attack and the Civil Service defence. Further goals were scored by Bendrey and Moriarty. The Service made several unsuccessful attempts on our goal and at last their efforts were attended with success. They were awarded a penalty from which they scored. Our defence was sound, the halves, with Lewis the pick, being exceptionally good. Bendrey was undoubtedly the "star" of our front line, his footwork being very fine.

#### v. Olympians. (Won 2—0).

Dec. 2nd, Home. A good game spoilt by rough play, both sides indulging in methods not exactly in accordance with F.A. rules. Both goals were scored by Bendrey, one being from a centre by Howarth. The latter's play was somewhat spoilt by his trying to shoot from impossible angles instead of centring.

S.Y.

### SECOND ELEVEN.

At the commencement of the season there seemed to be every prospect of the 2nd's having a good team, but our hopes have hardly been realised. Up to the present we have lost one more match than we have won. This fact is partly due to the repeated changes that have had to be made owing to lack of support from the players themselves, and partly due to lack of support from the "line." Players whom we expected would constitute the regular team have repeatedly disappointed us, and it is rather disheartening to those loyal few who have stuck to their colours. The defence has on more than one occasion left a good deal to be desired, and the forwards have given us a good example of rank shooting. However, we hope for better things next term, and determine to do our best to maintain the reputation that the College has already earned in the football world.

#### v. Southampton Banks.

Our season opened successfully with a win against Southampton Banks by 4—2. College scored first but Banks soon equalised. College had most of the play, but were unfortunate in not scoring on more than one occasion. Banks took lead but College drew level from a penalty, which was converted. In second half College had upper hand, and ran out winners of an interesting game. Tulley scored two good goals.

**v. Woolston Wednesday.**

Our first league match ended disastrously. In the first half play was very even and College scored first. W. W., however, soon equalised. In the second half W. W. showed to great advantage on a ground which they thoroughly understood. Their forwards were much too quick for our defence and 5 goals were added. Goalie had no chance. A rather one-sided game ended in a victory for W. W. by 6-1.

**v. Freemantle Wesley Hall.**

This match was played on the Common under difficult conditions. The ground was not marked and was altogether unfit for football. The play in the first half was even, although the sun was very trying to our goalie, who was beaten twice. We crossed over with the score 2-1 in their favour. We had more of the play in the second half and scored twice to their once, the game thus ended in a draw 3-3.

**v. Southampton Ramblers.**

Played on the Common before a "common" crowd. College lost the toss and had to play with the sun in their eyes. However, we maintained the upper hand all through the game, and the backs and goalie were not called upon to do much. College scored twice, but should have been at least 4 up when the final whistle blew. We thus gained two valuable League points by our victory of 2-0.

**v. Portland Wednesday.**

This game ended most unsatisfactorily for the College who had all the play. The forwards were shocking in front of goal and missed golden opportunities galore. We ought to have won at least 6-2. We were a goal behind at half-time, but Wilson equalised with a long dropping shot. Portland then took the lead from a sudden breakaway, and maintained their lead to the end. The last ten minutes of the game proved very exciting, but the defence held out, and game ended in visitor's favour 2-1.

**v. St. Luke's.**

Owing to wet weather, College turned up with only nine men, the team evidently possessing two fairweather sportsmen. However, P. Moriarty kindly turned out for us, and the College played with ten men. Game was very sporting, but football was not of the best kind owing to the slippery state of the ground. St. Luke's ran out winners by 2-1, although the run of play represented more of a draw.

Eastleigh 'Loco' scratched two matches in succession, thus forfeiting 4 valuable League points.

**v. Taunton School.**

College, with a strong team, were only able to beat the School by 4-3, but the margin would have been more in their favour had the forwards made use of every opportunity afforded them of scoring. Taunton scored twice before we retaliated, and crossed over leading 2-1. College showed to greater advantage in the second half and put on 3 goals, thus winning a pleasant game by 4-3.

**v. Southampton Corinthians.**

This turned out to be our 3rd reverse in League matches. We held our own in the first half and crossed over 1-0. Moriarty having made the

mark. The ground was rather slippery and prevented good football. The visitors showed more dash in the second half and scored on 4 occasions. The referee was not at all in favour of either team, and most of his decisions, though irrevocable, were rather bewildering. Forwards were as usual, weak in front of goal. Game ended in bad light 4-1 in their favour.

R. H.

## RUGBY NOTES. ❧ ❧

So much enthusiasm was shown at the beginning of the term by those interested in "Rugger" that it was decided, if enough interest was forthcoming from the juniors, to set the Rugby game upon as firm a basis as possible in the College. The junior support was forthcoming, and enthusiasm has induced skill until there is now great difficulty in choosing the best XV. By repeated practice matches on Wednesdays we hope to settle this difficulty, and we feel confident that it is possible to get together a College XV. which shall worthily uphold the traditions of College football. Of course we cannot select our opponents, but have to play teams much stronger than ourselves. The one great drawback is lack of weight in the forwards, but we must try to atone for that by putting our hearts into it.

### Seniors v. Juniors.

Oct. 7th. This was a very even match right through, until the end of the second half, when the Seniors scored 3 tries in fairly quick succession. One of these was converted by Williams. For the juniors I'Anson, McGuire, and Porter distinguished themselves. Result:—Seniors 11 pts., Juniors 0.

### v. Trojans A.

Oct. 28th. Played on our own ground. The Trojans put life into the College forwards by scoring in the first few minutes, although the try was not converted. Soon after, a fine run by I'Anson resulted in a try. Three more tries followed—one of which was converted, and half-time came with the score:—College 14 points, Trojans 3 points. In the second half matters were more even, there was no further scoring by the College, but one of the Trojans forwards scored a try while the remainder of the field stood still thinking the whistle had been blown, this try was converted. Result:—College 14 points, Trojans 8 points.

### v. Islington Day Training College.

Islington brought a very fine team down composed almost entirely of men who had played for good Welsh clubs, some five of them being County players. The College put up a stubborn fight but could do very little against an almost perfect exhibition of three-quarter play. Result:—Islington 35 points, College 3 points.

Telephone 709.

Smart



FOR  
**FOOTWEAR**

Reliable



GO TO

---

**STEAD & SIMPSON'S**

---

**7, ABOVE BAR.**

---

SPECIALISTS IN FOOTWEAR  
— FOR ALL SPORTS. —

~~~~~  
SPECIAL TERMS TO CLUBS AND TO STUDENTS OF
THE H.U.C.

Telephone 155.

Telegrams—"Maps, Southampton."

ESTABLISHED 1815.

COX & SHARLAND,

Manufacturing Stationers
— and Printers, —

150, High Street, Southampton.

Agents for the Sale of Ordnance Survey Maps.

TELEPHONE 1281.

NOEL & Co.,

MOIRA HOUSE,
120, ABOVE BAR,

(NEAR
CLOCK TOWER),

SOUTHAMPTON,

High-Class Tailors.

All Garments made on the Premises and are
TAILORED in the most Up-to-Date manner,
—— **STYLE** and **FIT** guaranteed. ——

Hosiers, Hatters, and Complete
—— **Outfitters.** ——

Splendid Value offered in
Waterproofs, Raincoats, Umbrellas,
—— **Rugs, Bags, and Trunks.** ——

WE MAKE A

Speciality of Athletic Outfits !

Special Quotations to Cricket, Tennis,
—— Football, Tennis and other Clubs. ——

Hartley College Colours kept in Stock us under :

Hats, Caps, Ties, Mufflers, Belts, Jerseys, Stockings,
—— Hat Bands, etc., etc. ——

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

v. Trojans A.

Nov. 22nd. Although this match was arranged with the Trojans A. team they turned out twelve of their first XV. to play us. The first half was very even and furnished the College with a lead of 3 points, Mr. Phillips scoring between the posts. The goal kick failed. In the second half the Trojans resorted more to forward play, and beat us by their weight, scoring 6 tries. Result:—Trojans 18 points, College 3 points.

v. Portsmouth A.

Nov. 25th. A very pleasant and even match. Portsmouth scored, late in the second half, the only try of the game. Both sides experienced hard luck at different points of the game, but the score just about represents the play. Result:—Portsmouth 3 points, College 0.

P.W.I.

HOCKEY. ❖

❖ ❖ ❖

OWING to the kindness of the Rugby club we have at last been able to get a field of respectable size, though the condition of the ground leaves something to be desired. However, we are thankful for small mercies.

We have played only 3 matches this term, having scratched one and having still two more to play.

Our first match was against the Tartans, which resulted in a win for us by 4 goals to 3, after a hard fight and a very enjoyable game.

The next match was with Alexandra College, and we came off the victors with the record score of 23—0. This achievement was not so magnificent as appears at first sight, in view of the youth and inexperience of our opponents.

We were very sorry to have to scratch our match with Cowes owing to bad weather, but we hope to arrange another date with them this term.

On November 25th we played Winchester, and added another victory to our list, winning by 5 goals to 1.

We hope to keep up the good beginning we have made, both in the matches we have still to play this term, and also in those of next term. At present we have won every match played, and are quite satisfied with our achievements this term.

G.M.C.

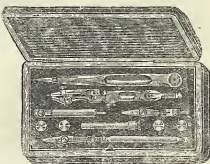
DRAWING MATERIALS AND MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS

Of Best Quality in Great Variety.

THE . . .

'TECHNICAL SCHOOL' SET OF INSTRUMENTS

Comprising Double-jointed Needle-pointed Bow Compasses, with Adjustable Pen and Pencil Points and Lengthening Bar; Improved Pattern Divider; Drawing Pen with unbreakable white Celluloid Handle; Case for reserve Leads and Needles; Drawing Pins and Compass Key;



STEEL-JOINTED THROUGHOUT.

Price of above in leather case, Brass Instruments . . .	7/6
Ditto, in snap case, Electrum Instruments . . .	9/-
Ditto, both Pens with Hinged Nib, Brass . . .	9/6
Ditto ditto Electrum . . .	10/6

If with Hair Divider in place of Plain Divider the price for the 10/6 set is 2/6 extra.

Cases of Instruments from 10½d. to £8 5s.



TOOLS

of every description for Students, Amateurs, and Mechanics.

Tools for Carvers, Fret-workers, Bent Ironworkers, Engineers, Electricians, Plumbers, Joiners, &c., &c.

Large illustrated catalogue of over 200 pages, 6d.

OSBORN & Co.,
9, HIGH STREET SOUTHAMPTON.

NORMAL CORRESPONDENCE — COLLEGE. —

(Founded 1889).

The distinguished position gained by the Normal in being the leading Correspondence College has been won by specialising in Postal Tuition during the last 21 years.

Free Guides.

	PAGES.
Preliminary Cert. ...	120
Certificate ...	100
Oxford and Camb. Local	100
Supplementary ...	16
A.C.P. ...	90
L.C.P. ...	98
Froebel ...	56
L.L.A. ...	99

FREE Matric. Guides.

	PAGES.
Matriculation (London)...	92
Matriculation (Wales) ...	72
Northern Matric. ...	60
Irish University...	70

*Testimonials from hundreds
of successful pupils sent on
application.*

Normal Correspondence College,

47, Melford Road, East Dulwich, & 110, Avondale Square, London, S.E.

Telephone 99.

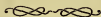
Pianos===== **BY THE**
Piano Players **LEADING**
MAKERS.

**Cash Discounts or
Deferred Payments.**

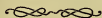
Hire for Short or Long Periods.

TUNERS sent to all parts.

... ENQUIRIES INVITED.



**PIANOS EXCHANGED.
HIGHEST VALUE ALLOWED.
CATALOGUES POST FREE.**



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

GRAMOPHONES.

H. P. HODGES,

117, ABOVE BAR (opposite the Clock Tower).

— ALSO AT —

129, ST. MARY ST.

19, BRIDGE ST.

18, HIGH ST., SHIRLEY.

**7, PORTSMOUTH ROAD,
WOOLSTON.**

14, STATION HILL, EASTLEIGH.